STARRING! STEEL STERLING! SERGEANT BOYLE! BLACK HOOD! MR. JUSTICE! ARCHIE!

NO. 7

JACKPOT comics

10c

FALL ISSUE



WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



EXACT COPY OF BADGE IN THREE COLORS RED—WHITE—BLUE

WE ARE ALL IN THIS FIGHT TOGETHER !!!!



NOW, MORE THAN EVER, YOU SHOULD BE PROUD TO WEAR THIS BADGE! IT MEANS MORE THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS **SUBSCRIBING TO THE IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!** IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDGING OURSELVES TO STAND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, WORKING TOGETHER, PULLING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOINING THE **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB** IS

JOINING THE ALL-OUT DRIVE FOR VICTORY!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

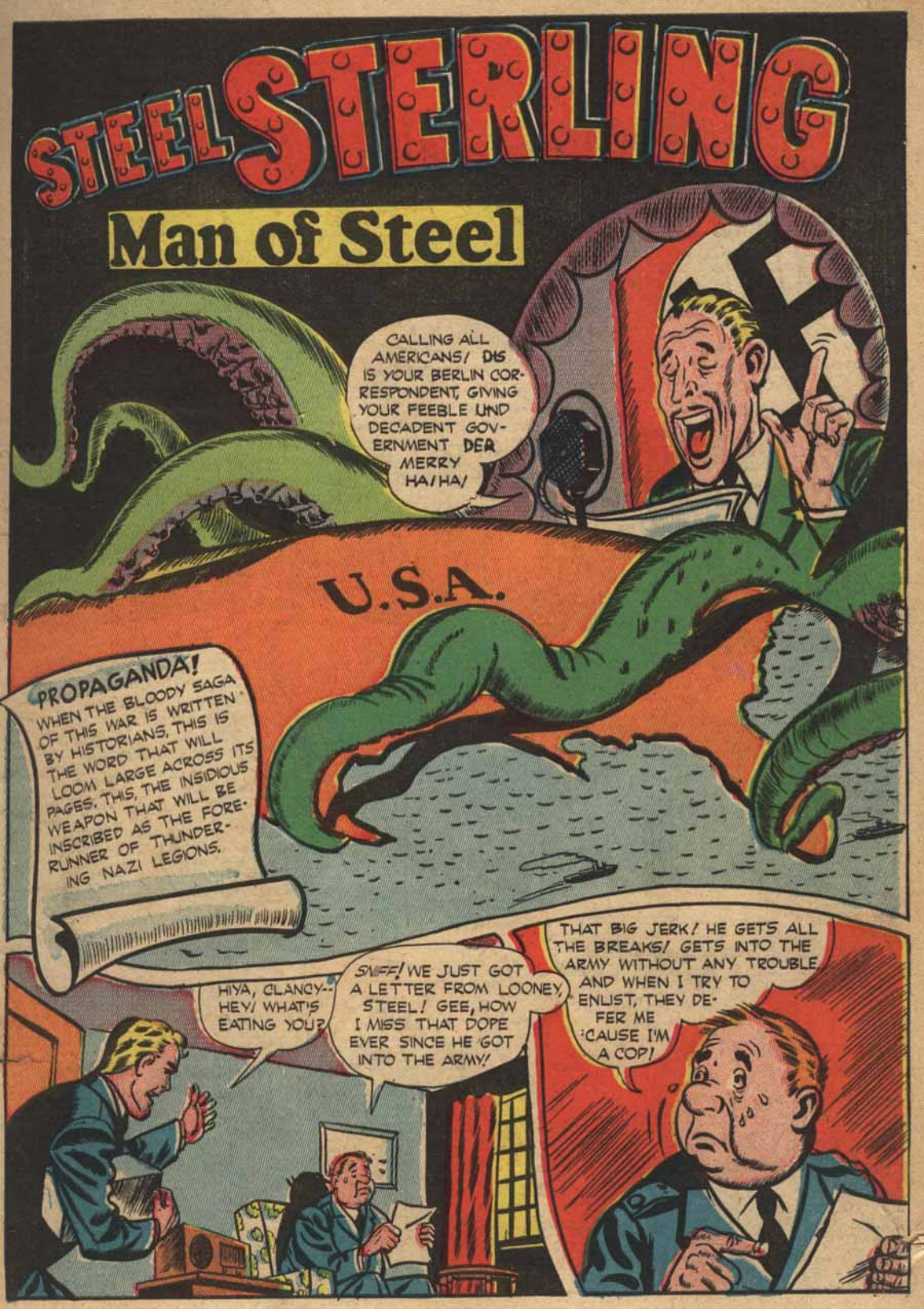
DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *Age*_____

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STEEL STERLING
Man of Steel
CALLING ALL AMERICANS! DIS IS YOUR BERLIN CORRESPONDENT, GIVING YOUR FEEBLE UND DECADENT GOVERNMENT DER MERRY HA! HA!
U.S.A.
PROPAGANDA! WHEN THE BLOODY SAGA OF THIS WAR IS WRITTEN BY HISTORIANS, THIS IS THE WORD THAT WILL LOOM LARGE ACROSS ITS PAGES. THIS, THE INSIDIOUS WEAPON THAT WILL BE INSCRIBED AS THE FORERUNNER OF THUNDERING NAZI LEGIONS.
HIYA, CLANCY-- HEY! WHAT'S EATING YOU?
SNIFF! WE JUST GOT A LETTER FROM LOONEY, STEEL! GEE, HOW I MISS THAT DOPE EVER SINCE HE GOT INTO THE ARMY!
THAT BIG JERK! HE GETS ALL THE BREAKS! GETS INTO THE ARMY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE AND WHEN I TRY TO ENLIST, THEY DEFER ME 'CAUSE I'M A COP!


SUDDENLY, STEEL WHIRLS, AND···
'SHH·· QUIET, CLANCY!
?
JUST AS I THOUGHT! SOMEBODY WAS OUTSIDE OUR DOOR LISTENING!
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME ALL THE WAY HOME, NOW WHAT'S THE IDEA?
OKAY, WISE GUY, I GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! I SPOTTED YOU CARRYING A TIME BOMB·· CLANCY'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!
SURE! YOU'RE MULLIGAN, THE DETECTIVE! THE ONLY GUY DUMBER THAN LOONEY··· AND YOU'VE BEEN TRAILING STEEL STERLING· YOU FATHEAD!
HA! HA! HERE'S THE 'TIME BOMB' I WAS CARRYING, MULLIGAN!
HUH·· WELL, GEE, WITH SO MANY SPIES AND SABOTEURS AROUND, A DETECTIVE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!
WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW WHAT DOES LOONEY SAY, CLANCY!
HMM··· READ IT YOURSELF, STEEL!
Dear Steel and Clancy: I've been here at Camp Croft for 4 weeks now & everything's fine. There's a fine bunch of guys in our camp; only thing is that so many of them are being transferred. Just where to is a military secret. But you can bet ... (ver)
AWWRRK·· AND THE TRANSFER OF YOUR TROOPS FROM CAMP CROFT IS A MILITARY SECRET ONLY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE! WE HERE IN BERLIN KNOW THEY ARE DESTINED FOR IRELAND!
WE ALSO KNOW EXACTLY HOW MANY THERE ARE··· OUR SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE IN YOUR COUNTRY! YOU CAN'T WIN THIS WAR! ONCE AGAIN I SIGN OFF GIVING YOU THE MERRY HA! HA!


BOY! HOW I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT MERRY HA! HA! HE'S BEEN SHORT-WAVING THAT POISON AT US FOR A MONTH NOW!
YEAH! IT'S GETTIN' ON MY NERVES, TOO!
HELLO···YES! STEEL STERLING TALKING! WHO'S THAT?·· BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY?
YES!·· CAN YOU COME OVER TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE STEEL?
BOY! THE GENERAL SOUNDED WORRIED! IT'S EVEN MONEY THIS IS TIED UP WITH THAT MERRY HA! HA! GUY!
!!&?# THE WAY STERLING ZIPPED OUT OF THAT ROOM (PUFF) HE'S GOT HIMSELF A CASE (GASP) AND I'M GONNA WORK WITH HIM!
HEY, CABBIE! FOLLOW THAT GUY!
ARE YOU KIDDIN', CHUM? DIS IS A HACK; NOT A PURSUIT PLANE!
HELLO, GENERAL! HERE I AM!
GREAT CAESAR! SO SOON?·· WHY I HARDLY HUNG UP THE PHONE!
THIS IS JOSEPH McGREGOR, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!
THE BIG NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER?
WELL, FRANKLY, McGREGOR, YOUR POLICY OF ISOLATIONISM AND DEFEATISM HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN HELPFUL TO MORALE!
OH, THAT! IT'S PURELY THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, STERLING! NO ONE LOVES HIS COUNTRY MORE THAN MYSELF!
AND MY POLICY IS CAUTION, NOT DEFEATISM! WELL, GOODBYE, GENERAL!
SO LONG, JOE!


HEY.. YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!
OUTTA ME WAY!
NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE.. UH... WHAT..
MULLIGAN!
WELL GEE, STERLING, I'M A DETECTIVE AND I'M ITCHING TO TRAIL SOMEBODY--ANYBODY 'SPECIALLY SPIES! I'M A TERROR WITH SPIES, I AM..... HAW!
LOOK, MULLIGAN, WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRIOTIC MOTIVES, BUT THIS IS STRICTLY PRIVATE--SO WILL YOU PLEASE WAIT OUTSIDE?
AW GEE--- OKAY, I'LL WAIT!
AND NOW STERLING, ABOUT THIS MERRY HA! HA! CHAP! FRANKLY HE'S GOT US WORRIED--- SO WORRIED THAT OUR F.B.I. IS MAKING THE MOST INTENSIVE ALIEN ROUND-UP IN ITS HISTORY!
I SEE--- AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP!
EXACTLY--- HERE IS A LIST OF THE SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS AREA WE WANT THEM!
AND YOU'LL GET THEM, SIR! THIS IS NO JOB! IT'S A PLEASURE!
WHY HELLO, JOE! WHAT'S WRONG? FORGET SOMETHING?
YES! MY HAT HERE! SORRY TO BREAK IN LIKE THIS!
WELL I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED
ZIP
EXCUSA, GENERAL YOU WANTA YOUR SHAVE-A AND HAIR-CUT TODAY?
JUST THE SHAVE, TONY, ONCE OVER LIGHTLY!
SURE-A GENERAL/ IT'S-A OKAY! I TURN ON DA RADIO! I MAKE-A DA BETTER SHAVE WIT' GOOD-A MUSIC!


AH··· RIGOLETTO SHES-A ONE FINE OPERA··· NOW I GIVE-A YOU DA SHAVE LIKE-A DA SONG!
TUM DE DUM TUM
HEY, WHASSA DAT?
AWWRRK··· BERLIN BROADCASTING A MERRY HA! HA! TO YOU BRIG. GENERAL COFFEY··· AND TO STEEL STERLING TOO. YOUR AGENT HA, HA, HA!
CONFOUND IT! IT'S UNCANNY! HOW COULD THAT NEWS HAVE GOTTEN OUTSIDE THIS OFFICE, LET ALONE TO GERMANY? THAT BLASTED MERRY HA,HA! IS MAKING US A LAUGHING STOCK!
OOOO·· IM-A MAD TOO, GENERAL! TONY IS A DA GOOD AMERICAN! HE'S-A NO CAN STAND-A FASCISTS!
HEY, TONY··· EASY WITH THAT RAZOR!
HOW I LIKE-A TO SHAVE DAT MERRY HA! HA! AND-A DAT FAT-A MUSSOLINI ···GRR···
*G!!? NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! SHAVED OFF MY MUSTACHE AND GOT BLOOD ALL OVER MY UNIFORM! I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE INTO MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES UNTIL I GET THESE CLEANED!
MEANWHILE, STERLING IS DOING A LITTLE "CLEANING" OF HIS OWN···
OKAY, JAIL-BAIT, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE ON A SLEEPER DOWN TO JAIL!
BOP
FROM ONE END OF TOWN DOWN TO THE OTHER ZIPS THE MAN OF STEEL IN HIS ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG··
ULP·· IT'S SHTEEL SHTERLING HANS! QUVICK, BURN DER RECORDS!
HE···HE··· CAN'T T-TOUCH US·· IT···IT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL!


WRONG APPROACH! YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED SINGING THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!
SOCK
GLUG---ER---AH--HELLO, MR.--- STERLING--- NICE DAY--- HEH-HEH!
JA, IF IS STOPS RAINING--NOW PLEASE N--NO ROUGH STUFF! V--VE COME QUVETLY, VE DON'T FEEL LIKE SUCH PURE ARYANS TODAY, JA!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! LET'S GO!
NOW LET US LOOK IN ON THE ALERT MULLIGAN, WHO IS STILL WAITIN FOR STEEL STERLING.
WH--WHASSAT? SOMEBODY COMING OUT OF THE GENERAL'S OFFICE--A SPY!
QUICK, CABBIE! FOLLOW THAT GUY!
OKAY!
WHO- WHA--HEY, COME BACK YOU DOPE!
!#*??@*!! THE JERK! FOLLOWIN' THE CAB WITHOUT ME IN IT!
OH, DRIVER! TURN BACK, I FORGOT SOMETHING AT MY OFFICE!
OKAY, MISTER!


? THAT'S THE CAB I'M TRAILING-- GOIN' THE OPPOSITE WAY NOW!
WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE AND UNIFORM, I FEEL LIKE A CRIMINAL IN HIDING!
NOW, LET'S SEE, WHERE ARE THOSE PAPERS?
GOT YA, RED HANDED, YA SPY!
ME--SPY--ARE YOU CRAZY, MULLIGAN?
OH, SO YOU KNOW ME, HUH? I GOT QUITE A REP WITH YOU NAZIS!
BUT-- BUT-- I'M NO NAZI, I TELL YOU! I'M---
GOT YOU RATTLED, EH? NOW I'LL REALLY GET TO WORK ON YA!
AT THAT MOMENT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
HERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN! THE WHOLE KABOODLE OF SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS AREA! DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A SUPER-RACE NOW, DO THEY?
GOOD WORK, STERLING! NOW WE'RE REALLY GETTING SOMEWHERE IN OUR DRIVE AGAINST ESPIONAGE! LET'S SEE THAT MERRY HA, HA! GET HIS INFORMATION, NOW!
AWWRRK-- MERRY HA! HA! BROADCASTING! YOUR DRIVE AGAINST OUR SPIES IS FUTILE, AMERICA -- THERE ARE THOUSANDS MORE THROUGHOUT YOUR COUNTRY!


GIVE UP THIS FUTILE WAR, AMERICANS, YOU ARE TOTALLY UNPREPARED, THANKS TO YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENT! A MERRY HA, HA! TO YOU STEEL STERLING---
HOW THE HECK DID THEY FIND OUT ABOUT ME SO FAST? I'M GOING BACK TO THE GENERAL'S OFFICE AND CHECK ON LEAKS!
ZIP
NOW COME CLEAN, I TELL YOU! YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT TOUGHER FOR YOURSELF
GREAT GRIEF! WHAT GIVES HERE?
W---WATER!
MULLIGAN, YOU DOPE! JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, ANYWAY?
THIS GUY'S A SPY, STERLING! I CAUGHT HIM SNEAKING INTO THIS OFFICE!
WHY SHOULDN'T HE COME INTO THIS OFFICE, IT'S HIS! THIS IS BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY!
H-HE IS?
--AND GENERAL, THIS TIME WE CAN BE SURE THE INFORMATION CAME FROM THIS OFFICE TODAY!
HMM-- IT DOES SEEM SO AT THAT! BUT HOW? WE WERE COMPLETELY ALONE AFTER McGREGOR LEFT!
WAIT A MINUTE--- THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EAVESDROPPER AT THAT!
SNAP!
YA THINK HE MIGHT BE HIDIN' IN A DRAWER, STEEL?
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
GREAT CAESAR! A DICTAPHONE-- IN MY OWN OFFICE!
YES, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE WAY THEY GOT THEIR INFORMATION, BUT NOT THE SPEED BERLIN HAS BEEN GETTING IT-- MULLIGAN, TURN ON THE RADIO!


SQUAWK--- BURP--- REMEMBER, AMERICANS, DER THIRD REICH, IS YOUR FRIEND! VE LOVE YOU LIKE BROTHERS--- BLA--- BLA---
NOW I'LL JUST RUB MY TONGUE BETWEEN MY TEETH AND INTERCEPT THAT BROADCAST--
BOY, ARE WE SIMPLE! THAT BROADCAST ISN'T COMING FROM BERLIN AT ALL! IT'S RIGHT IN THE CITY!
WHAT!
DIS IS BERLIN, SIGNING OFF VUNCE AGAIN GIFFING YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENT DER MERRY HA! HA!
GOOT! NOW VE TURN ON DER RADIO UND GET DER REACTION FROM OUR BROADCAST! HA, HA, HA, HA!
I'M GOING TO TRACE IT WHILE THEY'RE STILL BROADCASTING! MULLIGAN, STICK AROUND! I SUSPECT THERE'LL BE A VISITOR TO THIS OFFICE TONIGHT!
---AND SO VE REPEAT.. DER NEW ORDER VISHES ONLY FOR PEACE! VAR HAS BEEN FORCED UPON US-- BLA--- BLA--- BLA---
WH OOOO NYEEO WURRR SSSS
FLASH! SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY! MERRY HA! HA! WILL BE APPREHENDED BEFORE HE CAN COUNT THREE!
THREE! YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN! NOW I'LL HAVE MINE!
ULP... SHTEEL SHTERLING!
CRASH!
HO, HO, HO!, HEAR DOT, HANS, DOTS REALLY RICH!
VE VILL COUNT FOR DEM, HEH, HEH! VUN--- TWO---


SO YOU HAD A SPECIAL MERRY HA! HA! FOR ME, DID YOU?
BOY--- I'M SO MAD, I'M NOT EVEN ENJOYING THIS!
BOP!
THE POLICE! THEY CERTAINLY WASTED NO TIME PICKING UP THE TRAIL I LEFT FOR THEM!
WHEEE
HELLO, GENERAL, YOU CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE! I STILL HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO -- AT YOUR OFFICE!
ZIP
WHILE AT THE OFFICE--
SOMEBODY'S OPENING THE GENERAL'S OFFICE!
GOTCHA!
OOF
WELL, I'LL BE--- MR. McGREGOR, THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER!


GEE, I'M SORRY I DIDN'T KNOW IT WUZ YOU!
SORRY! YOU-- YOU !!G?#* ALMOST KILLED ME!
IT WUZ STERLINGS IDEA! HE TOLD ME HE EXPECTED THE RINGLEADER OF THE SPIES HERE TONIGHT!
YOU DON'T SAY?
IMAGINE ARRESTIN' YOU AS THE RINGLEADER!
YES, HA, HA! WELL-ER-- I'LL RUN ALONG NOW!
HA HA HA
?
HELLO, MR. McGREGOR! GOING SOMEWHERE-- YOU RAT!
EXTRA DAILY BLADE EXTRA
EXTRA!!! JOSEPH McGREGOR ARRESTED AS A FIFTH COLUMNIST---
JOSEPH McGREGOR
JOSEPH McGREGOR WILL HAVE PLENTY TO SAY, POLICE PROMISE, WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.
McGREGOR BREAKS DOWN AND CONFESSES ALL AFTER A "TALK" WITH STEEL STERLING
NEXT DAY
THE NAZIS MADE THEIR FIRST SLIP WHEN THEY MENTIONED MY NAME! THEN YOUR REMARK ABOUT McGREGOR STARTED ME THINKING!
YES-- I DON'T DOUBT YOUR GENIUS, MULLIGAN! NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU!
GEE, THEN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME GENERAL?
WELL, MAYBE IT WUZ A HUNCH WITH YOU, STEEL, BUT I HAD HIM TABBED ALL ALONG!
THOSE EDITORIALS OF HIS HAD SOURED ME ON HIM TO BEGIN WITH, AND HE HAD ACCESS TO YOUR OFFICE BECAUSE HE WAS YOUR FRIEND! IT WAS A HUNCH THAT MADE ME THINK HE'D TRY AND GET THAT DICTAPHONE OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS HE SAW YOU CALL ME IN ON THE CASE!
PLOP!
SELECTIVE SERVICE
REPORT 1-A TO DRAFT BOARD
DON'T FORGET, GANG! THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THE NATION 'ARCHIE,' IS APPEARING IN A COMIC AGAZINE OF HIS OWN. WATCH FOR "ARCHIE COMICS," ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SOON!

THE BUTLER ANNOUNCES—MURDER!

A STEEL STERLING STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE was no bullet in the floor. There wasn't one in the wall, either.

That was the curious part of the murder.

Steel Sterling didn't get it. He continued to stare at the chalk outline on the floor.

When Benchley, the butler, entered Mark Wilson's solarium and found his master lying on the floor, with a neat hole through his temple, it appeared simple enough. Some killer had shot Wilson as he lay asleep. But when the coroner arrived and discovered that the hole went through the back of Wilson's head, and that there was no bullet lodged anywhere in the room, it began to get puzzling.

The bullet-hole was usual looking, approximately a quarter inch in diameter, with little flecks all around. The coroner immediately thought of the trick of shooting ice bullets which melted a few seconds after entering the body, but ice bullets would not leave little flecks around the wound.

The Chief of Police asked Steel Sterling to look into the matter. Steel collected Clancy and Looney, and the three went to look the place over.

Mark Wilson had been dead two hours when the butler found him.

Wilson had been an invalid. The solarium was large, and well-equipped, and it was almost constantly in use. It was a wide room, topped off by a closed skylight through which hot sun blazed. All around were sun lamps, diathermy machines, and other paraphernalia.

Clancy walked around the room, gingerly examining the machines. And Looney, seeing a chance to grab off a little of the cross-examination glory without his partner, stared suspiciously at Benchley and said, "You found him, huh? Where were you while he'd been laying there dead for two hours?"

Benchley turned a frosty glance on Looney and said, "It was my afternoon off."

"Pretty convenient," said Looney. "How can you prove that you didn't come back and give Wilson the bump?"

Benchley smiled tightly. "I spent the afternoon at a meeting of my social club miles away," he said. "Over fifty people saw me, and I didn't leave the place for a minute."

Steel Sterling continued to stare around the room, trying to work out a solution. Then, suddenly, his eyes lit up and he zipped over to Clancy.

Steel whispered something to Clancy. Clancy bobbed his head in understanding, and The Man of Steel zipped back to Looney and Benchley.

"Never mind the questions, Looney," said Steel. "Our only chance of success lies in reconstructing the crime." He turned to the butler. "You can help us discover your master's murderer."

"I'll do anything you say, sir," said Benchley. "Mr. Wilson was very good to me."

"Very well," said Steel. "Lie down on the floor there, where the police have drawn the outline of the position of the dead man's body."

Benchley turned chalk-white. He ran his tongue over dry lips. Then he forced himself to lie down on the floor.

"You're closest in size to Wilson," explained Steel. He began a series of calculations, observing, noting, counting aloud. And then Benchley began to twitch.

"Haven't I lain here long enough?" he asked, in a choked voice.

"Lay there," said Steel, coldly. "Don't move your head."

A minute ticked by, with Steel continuing his calculations. Again Benchley protested. Beads of sweat stood out all over his face. "I can't lie here any longer, sir," he whispered, hoarsely. "I—I'm squeamish. . ."

"I'm not finished with my calculations," said Steel. "Stay there!"

Hot sweat rolled down the butler's face onto his white shirt-front. And then, in a hair-raising tone, he screamed. "You tricked me," he howled. "You put it back." He leaped to his feet, and his hand clawed at his inside pocket.

The Man of Steel zipped forward and his hard fist smashed into the butler's face. Benchley slammed against the wall, and Steel hit him again. The butler went down for the count.

"There's your murderer," said Steel. "My guess is that Wilson willed his fortune to Benchley thinking the butler faithful . . . and Benchley found out about it and decided to hurry the inheritance along."

Looney's face twisted into a frown. "But how could he have done the job?" he asked. "He wasn't anywhere in the neighborhood."

"Look, Looney," said Steel. "Notice how that skylight above us slopes to a point? Well, Benchley drugged Wilson, laid him on the ground of the solarium . . . and substituted a circular fragment of magnifying glass for the ordinary glass. The sun burned a hole right through Wilson's head . . . and Benchley wasn't anywhere near the place when the murder was committed. Benchley could have used poison, since he was the only servant and therefore the one who mixed Wilson's medicine, but he would surely have been suspected. The way he picked was better for his purpose."

Looney continued to frown. "But why was he so squeamish about lying on the floor where the dead man had been that he gave himself away?" he asked. "A guy nervy enough to commit murder surely would have enough nerve to stick out a little unpleasantness."

"You don't understand," said Steel. "As soon as Benchley lay down on the floor, Clancy trained a sunlamp on his head. He couldn't see it the way he was laying. Naturally, Benchley had removed the magnifying glass and restored the original glass when he 'discovered' the body, but he probably has it hidden in his room and he thought we'd found it and put it back up in the skylight. So he just went wild."

The Man of Steel sighed. "You know, Looney," he said, "criminals aren't very smart. Otherwise," he smiled, "they wouldn't *be* criminals!"


CLANCY AND LOONEY
BY HUBBELL
HEY! PULL OVER TO THE CURB! YAS, I MEAN YOU!
TWEET TWEET
?
HA, HA! I'M AFRAID I WENT RIGHT THROUGH THAT RED LIGHT OFFICER BUT
AW, SHUT UP, GRANDPA! YOU GUYS GIMME A PAIN! ALL YOU CAN DO IS THINK UP ALIBIS!
AND FURTHERMORE THAT FUGITIVE FROM THE JUNKHEAP IS A PUBLIC MENACE! PEOPLE AIN'T SAFE WITH THAT RATTLE-TRAP LOOSE!
SHHH! MY WORD, DON'T YELL SO LOUD! YOU'RE ATTRACTING A CROWD!
A FUNNY GUY, EH? O.K. BUD! LET'S ME AND YOU HOP DOWN TO TRAFFIC COURT WHERE IT'S MORE PRIVATE!
NOW THAT ISN'T A BAD IDEA, OFFICER! LET'S GET GOING!
I HEAR THE NEW JUDGE HATES RECKLESS DRIVERS! YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU DON'T GET SENT UP!
YOU DON'T SAY?


HELLO, LOONEY. SAY, WHERE'S THE JUDGE AT? AIN'T HE HERE?
HE HASN'T COME IN YET, CLANCY! I'M WAITIN' TO GET A LOOK AT HIM MYSELF!
YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I TRUST?
HUH? OKAY, BUT DON'T TRY TO SLIP OUT WHEN I'M NOT LOOKIN''
SAY, WHAT IN THE...?
?
HE WENT INTO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS! GEE, MAYBE HE'S A FRIEND OF HIS!
OKAY, BAILIFF!
HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THIS COURT IS NOW IN SESSION. JUDGE WITHER-BOTTOM PRESIDING!
NOW THEN, OFFICER! WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?
WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, JUDGE... H-HOLY SMOKE! Y-YOU'RE JUDGE W-WITHER B..
OOOOOH!
SPLOP!
LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS.
OF ALL THE STUPID, LAME-BRAIN TRICKS! ARRESTING THE JUDGE! IMAGINE!
B-BUT GOSH, CHIEF! HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHO HE WAS?
WANT
$50
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, SERGEANT CLANCY, IS YOU'RE TOO ANXIOUS TO PINCH PEOPLE! IN TIMES LIKE THIS WE NEED A LITTLE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY RIGHT HERE AT HOME! ETC... ETC...


X!!?@* BLANK....
BOY! OF ALL THE PRIZE DOPES! SAY? WHAT'S WRONG, KID?
AW, THE CHIEF SAID I WAS GETTIN' JUMPY, SO HE ASSIGNED ME A BEAT WAY OUT IN THE STICKS AS A REST!
NO KIDDIN'!
WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT DON'T WORRY, KID! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER?
WELL, HERE WE ARE! BOY, WHAT A JOINT! THAT WIND SURE IS COLD!
AW, QUIT GRIPIN'! MY UNCLE HAS A COTTAGE HERE! WE'LL GO SEE HIM AN' GET SOME HOT LEMON-ADE LATER!
BUT WHAT EVER HAPPENS IN A DEAD DUMP LIKE THIS? I'LL GO BATS WITH NOTHIN' TO DO!
SAY, THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS GOIN' SWIMMIN' IN WEATHER LIKE THIS!
LOOK, THEY GOT THEIR CLOTHES ON! MAYBE THEY'RE REFUGEES OR SOMETHIN'!
LOOK, DERE ARE SOME MEN ON DER BEACH!
YAH! LET US GO AVAY UND BLOW UP DER MUNITION VORKS!
YAH! ACH! DEY ARE COMING OFER!
COUGH COUGH
MAYBE THEIR SHIP GOT TORPEDOED!
LEMME HANDLE THIS, LOONEY! IF THEY'RE FOREIGNERS WE WANTA MAKE 'EM FEEL AT HOME! REMEMBER THAT GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY!
WELCOME TO OCEAN CITY, FOLKS! SAY, THAT'S A BAD COLD YOU GOT THERE!
!
AAAAHH
CHOO!


THAT MAN HAS TO BE KEPT WARM! WE'D BUILD A FIRE BUT IT AIN'T ALLOWED... MIGHT ATTRACT SPIES OR SOMETHIN'!
LET'S TAKE HIM TO UNCLE CALEB'S HOUSE!
AAAHHH
ACH! PLEASE DON'T BODDER!
DOT FAT VUN ISS A POLICE-MAN! I RECOGNIZE DER UNIFORM! BETTER VE SHOULD DO LIKE HE SAYS SO HE VON'T GET SUSPICIOUS!
DOT'S RIGHT! VOT YOU SAY, ADOLF? YOU GO MIT DESE NIZE PEOPLES UND GET YOUR COLD FIXED UP! YOU CAN MEET US LATER!
SNIFF
?
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU RING THE BELL, DOPEY?
I DID! THERE AIN'T NOBODY HOME! WE'LL HAFTA BUST IN!
CARELESS OF UNCLE CALEB LEAVING THE KITCHEN WINDOW OPEN! OOOOF!
C'MON, C'MON CUT THE SLOW MOTION!
PRETTY NICE JOINT YOUR UNCLE LIVES IN! I NEVER HEARD YOU MENTION HIM BEFORE!
I AIN'T BEEN HERE SINCE I WAS A KID! THE PLACE SEEMS SORTA CHANGED AROUND!
WELL, YOU MAKE THAT GUY COMFORTABLE! I GOTTA CALL UP THE CHIEF AN' REPORT!
OKAY! I FOUND SOME COUGH MEDICINE I'LL GIVE HIM SOME!
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER NAZIS ARE GETTING IMPATIENT.
ACH! VOT ISS KEEPING ADOLF? HE ISS DER KEY MAN!
MAYBE IT GIFFS TROUBLE! COME, VE GO BACK UND GET HIM!
AT THAT MOMENT...
AH! AFTER A BUSY WEEK IN THE COURTS, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THE GOOD SALT AIR!


HA!
JUDGE WITHERBOTTOM! I-SOMETHIN' TELLS ME WERE IN THE WRONG HOUSE!
GOSH, JUDGE, I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR HOUSE! I THOUGHT...
SHUT UP! I'M GOING TO PHONE THE POLICE! YOU CAN DO YOUR TALKING TO THEM!
YEAH, CHIEF, THIS PLACE IS DEAD AS KELSEY'S... SAY! WHO IS THAT? YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER! I'M A POLICEMAN!
THAT'S WHAT I WANT... A POLICEMAN!
YOU DO?
YES! I HAVE JUST APPREHENDED SOME VERY DANGEROUS HOUSE-BREAKERS!
YEAH, YEAH.... HOUSEBREAKERS, EH? OKEY DOKE! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS? 211 BEACHVIEW DRIVE! UH HUH!
O.K... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! GOODBYE!
HELLO? CHIEF? STILL THERE?
GOOD! NOW WHO'S AT THE DOOR?
VOT HAFF YOU DONE MIT ADOLF! HE VAS HERE! SPEAK UP!
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR EITHER OF THE RUFFIANS IN THE OTHER ROOM, COME IN WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
SOK
BAM
OW!
WHAM!
IT'S NO USE, CHIEF! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY! SOMEBODY IS MAKIN' AN AWFUL FUSS NEXT DOOR!

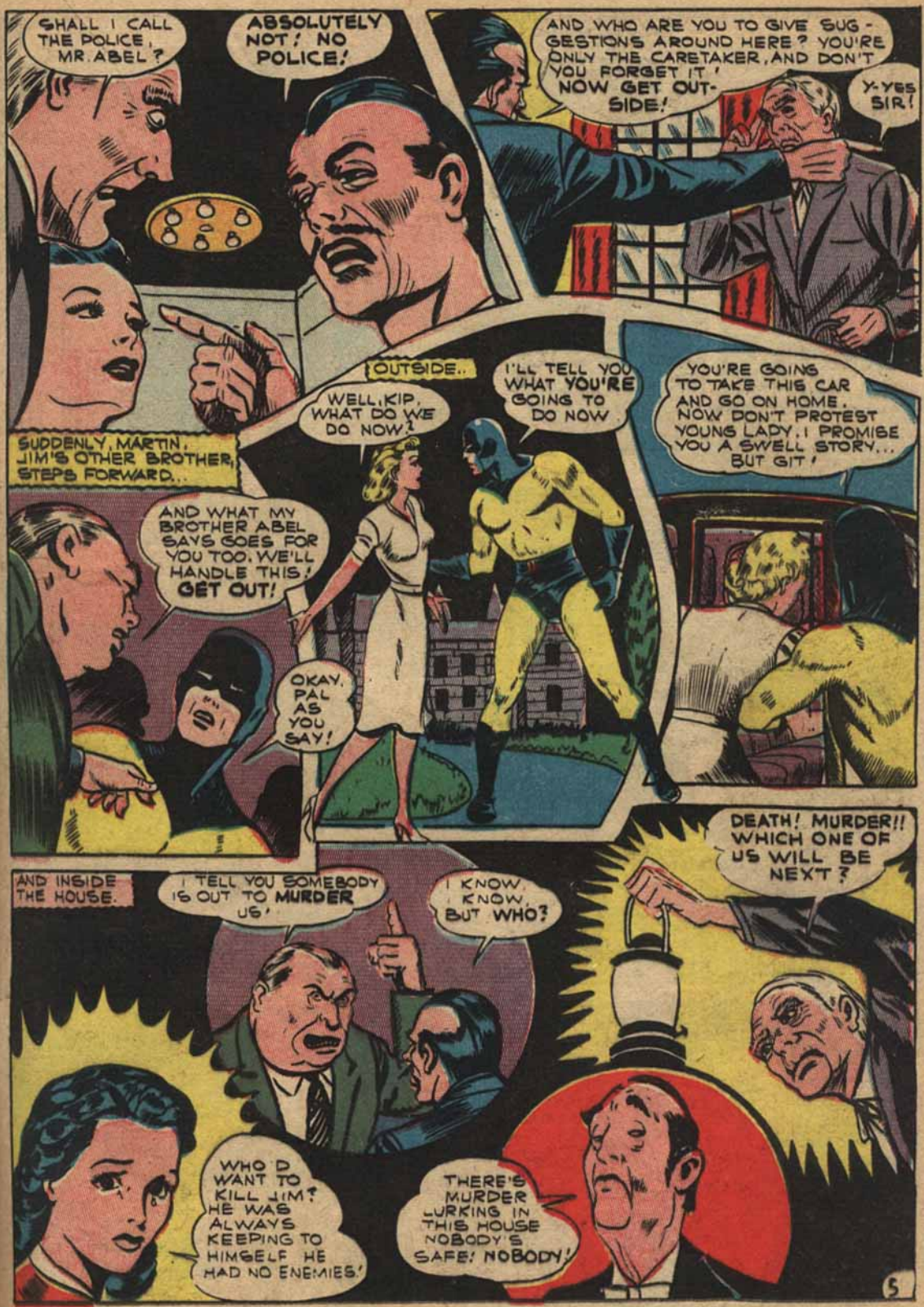

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MORE QUIET IN HERE!.. HEY, LOONEY, STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE! I GOTTA GO ARREST SOME BURGLARS!
POW
ZOK!
MEANWHILE THE CHIEF IS WAITING FOR CLANCY TO RETURN..
WHERE'S HE PHO ING FROM ANYWAY, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN? SOUNDS LIKE A...
?
DOT TAKES CARE OF DEM! QVICK, HUGO, ADOLF, LET'S GET OUDT! VE HAF AL- READY VASTED TOO MUCH TIME!
YAH! NOW VE GO UND SABOTASE SOME INDUSTRIES UND VOT NOT, NO?
ULP!
YAH! HA! DEY ARE ALL COLD LIKE BISMARCK, DER HERRING!
PFOOEY ON DOSE DOPES!
COUGH COUGH! ACH! I STILL GOT MY COLD!
VAS ISS? DER COPS!
ACH HIMMEL! DON'T SHOOT! VE GIFF UP!
VHERE DID THEY COME FROM!
THE CHIEF WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE SPIES, ALL RIGHT!
AILY MIRROR
EXTRA
2I ESPIONAGE PLOT FOILED!
A DARING NAZI PLOT TO SABO- TAGE EASTERN WAR PLANTS WAS UNCOVERED LATE THIS AFTERNOON BY THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF SERGEANT CLANCY AND DETECTIVE ALEC BEN LUMAR ACCORDING TO SERGEANT CLANCY HE SPOTTED THE U-BOAT OFF OCEAN CITY
DETECTIVE ALEC BEN LUMAR AND SERGEANT CLAN
AND FORM ULATED A CLEVER RUSE TO TRA THE N NOTH WAS THER
FAMOUS VILLAGE REPORT SOURCE HAT NAZI IS ON IT'S LAST LEGS, HOPE TO BUT GOOD!
NICE GOING, CLANCY! A BRILLIANT IDEA, LEAVING THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK SO I COULD HEAR THE WHOLE THING!
NOTHIN' TO IT, CHIEF! IF YA GOT ANY MORE SPIES JUST CALL ON US!
WE KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THOSE TWO SUPER(?) SLEUTHS, CLANCY AND LOONEY GET STILL DUMBER, LUCKIER AND FUNNIER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS

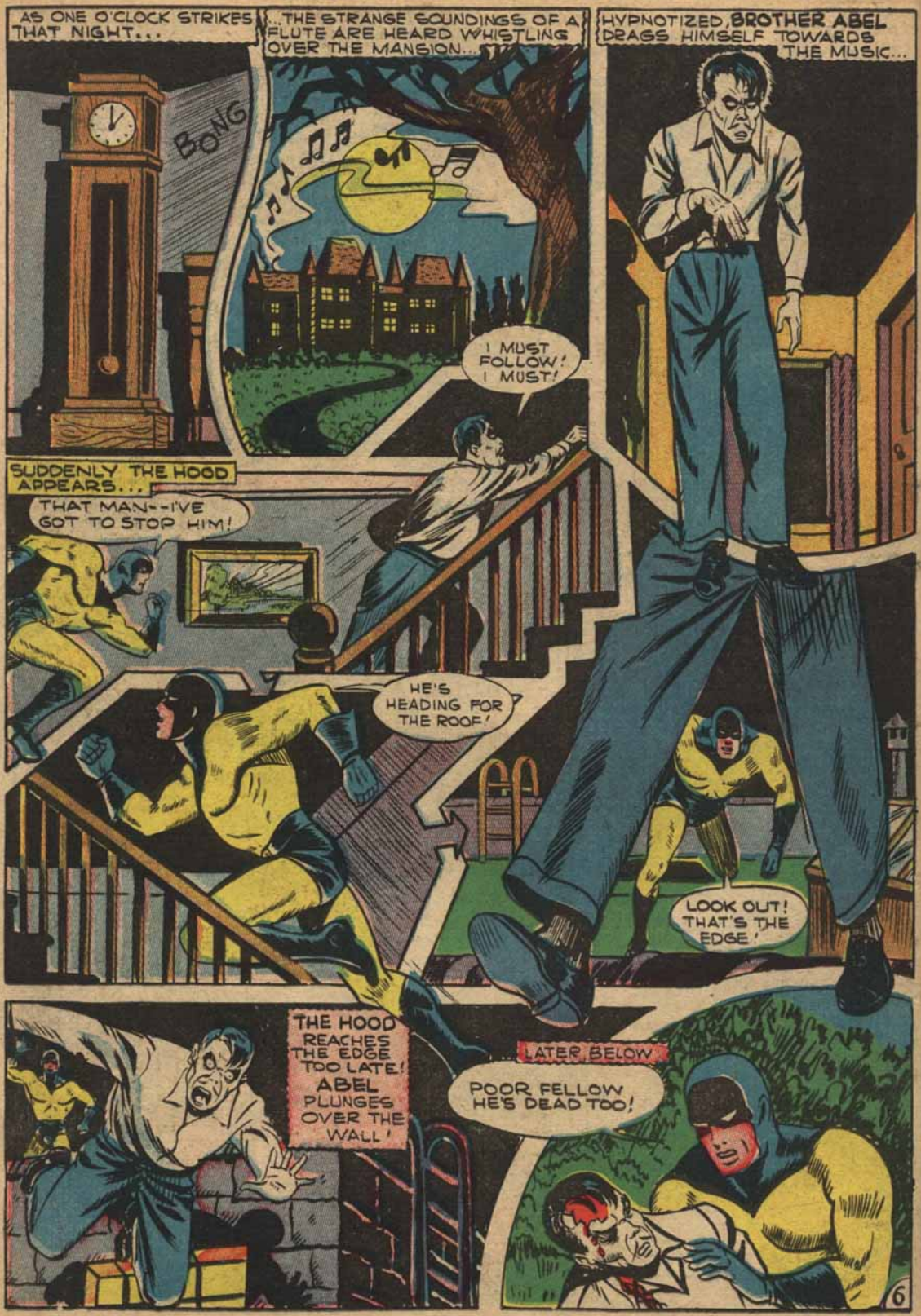

THE BLACK HOOD
REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE
MAN OF MYSTERY
COOPER
A WEIRD AND SIBILANT MELODY FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR - AND MEN AND WOMEN FOLLOW THE SOUND OF THE MUSIC TO THEIR DOOM. WHAT IS THE STRANGE POWER HELD BY THE PIED PIPER, MAD MUSICIAN OF MURDER? WHO IS THIS BEING WHO STEPS OUT OF A LEGEND TO BRING DEATH TO ALL HE SERENADES? READ ON AND SEE.....


ONE STORMY NIGHT, AS CLOUDS SCUTTLE ACROSS THE MOON, A CAR MOVES SPEEDILY ALONG AN OLD BRIDGE...
INSIDE THE CAR ARE KIP BURLAND AND BARBARA SUTTON...
WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHT, KIP! IT GIVES ME THE FUNNIEST FEELING, AS THOUGH
I KNOW! I FEEL THE SAME WAY! AS THOUGH SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!
AND SOMETHING STRANGE AND HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...
SEVERAL YARDS DOWN THE ROAD, A STRANGE MUSICIAN PLAYS HIS PIPE AND SENDS SAVAGE MUSIC THROUGH THE AIR...
AND FROM A MANSION IN THE DISTANCE A BLANK-EYED MAN WALKS TOWARD THE MUSIC...
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY!
GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY!
HOLY CATS! THERE'S A MAN RIGHT IN OUR PATH! I'LL HAVE TO SWERVE OFF THE ROAD TO AVOID HITTING HIM!
KIP'S CAR SMASHES INTO A TREE BUT THE BLANK-EYED MAN DOESN'T EVEN TURN. HE CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD DIRECTLY TOWARD THE MUSIC.
BAM
GEE, THAT'S STRANGE! THE GUY DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE US. YOU HURT, BARBARA?
NO — JUST SHAKEN, I GUESS!


STRANGE - THAT MAN ACTING LIKE THAT! HE DIDN'T EVEN ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CAR!
QUICKLY KIP REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHING, AND EMERGES AS THE BLACK HOOD...
YOU WAIT HERE, BARBARA! I'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!
HOLY CATS! HE'S FALLEN INTO A QUAS-MIRE!
HERE Y'ARE, MISTER. GRAB THIS AND I'LL HELP YOU OUT!
SUDDENLY...
MEDDLING FOOL!
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR STICKING YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS!
SOCK
AND HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!
BAM
AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!
3


BAH! I HAVE NO TIME TO FOOL WITH YOU! TAKE THIS!
BAM!
AND NOW I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!
THEN, AS THE HOOD APPROACHES THE NEAREST HOUSE, THE MANSION FROM WHICH THE BLANK-EYED MAN EMERGED...
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
BARBARA COMES RUNNING UP...
HOOD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
NO TIME TO TALK NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT FELLOW IN THE SWAMP!
THE HOOD FISHES THE BLANK-EYED MAN OUT OF THE SWAMP, AND...
POOR FELLOW- HE'S DONE FOR. I'D BETTER GET TO THE NEAREST HOUSE AND CALL THE POLICE!
THE DOOR IS OPENED BY THE BUTLER...
PELHAM! WHAT'S WRONG?
MR. JIM'S DEAD!
WHY, IT- IT'S JIM! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
I'M AFRAID HE'S--DEAD! WE'D BETTER GO INTO THE HOUSE AND PHONE THE POLICE!
AS THE BLACK HOOD LAYS JIM'S BODY ON THE COUCH, THE THREE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY RUSH INTO THE ROOM...
GOOD LORD!
EEEEE
4


SHALL I CALL THE POLICE, MR. ABEL?
ABSOLUTELY NOT! NO POLICE!
AND WHO ARE YOU TO GIVE SUGGESTIONS AROUND HERE? YOU'RE ONLY THE CARETAKER, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT! NOW GET OUTSIDE!
Y-YES SIR!
SUDDENLY, MARTIN, JIM'S OTHER BROTHER, STEPS FORWARD..
AND WHAT MY BROTHER ABEL SAYS GOES FOR YOU TOO. WE'LL HANDLE THIS! GET OUT!
OUTSIDE..
WELL, KIP, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO NOW
YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS CAR AND GO ON HOME. NOW DON'T PROTEST YOUNG LADY. I PROMISE YOU A SWELL STORY... BUT GIT!
OKAY, PAL AS YOU SAY!
AND INSIDE THE HOUSE..
I TELL YOU SOMEBODY IS OUT TO MURDER US!
I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT WHO?
DEATH! MURDER!! WHICH ONE OF US WILL BE NEXT?
WHO'D WANT TO KILL JIM? HE WAS ALWAYS KEEPING TO HIMSELF HE HAD NO ENEMIES!
THERE'S MURDER LURKING IN THIS HOUSE NOBODY'S SAFE! NOBODY!


AS ONE O'CLOCK STRIKES THAT NIGHT...
BONG
...THE STRANGE SOUNDINGS OF A FLUTE ARE HEARD WHISTLING OVER THE MANSION...
I MUST FOLLOW! I MUST!
HYPNOTIZED, BROTHER ABEL DRAGS HIMSELF TOWARDS THE MUSIC...
SUDDENLY THE HOOD APPEARS...
THAT MAN--I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE ROOF!
LOOK OUT! THAT'S THE EDGE!
THE HOOD REACHES THE EDGE TOO LATE! ABEL PLUNGES OVER THE WALL!
LATER BELOW
POOR FELLOW, HE'S DEAD TOO!
6


AGAIN, THAT FLUTE SOUND! THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO BE TOO LATE!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHY OF COURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
NO TIME FOR ANSWERS! WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER'S ROOM?
RIGHT HERE HOOD!
NOW HE'S GONE! THIS IS WEIRD!
THOSE GHOSTLY NOTES.. WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT OF THE WALL?
A SLIPPER! THERE MUST BE A SECRET PANEL HERE!
THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY THROUGH!
CRASH
WELL, WELL - A NICE LITTLE PRIVATE SUBWAY!
7


MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE DAMP DEPTHS OF THE CAVERN, THE PIED PIPER LURES HIS PRAY ONWARD...
COME TO THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLPOOL, MY DEAR MARTIN!
HEH, HEH, HEH, ONE MORE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY TO KILL AND MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE! NO ONE CAN CATCH THE PIED PIPER!
THAT'S ONE MORE - DEAD!
EEEEEEEEEE
AAAAAAAA
I'LL SLIDE DOWN THIS STALAGMITE! HEH, HEH, HE CAN'T FOLLOW ME DOWN HERE!
YOU'RE MISTAKEN FRIEND!
THE BLACK HOOD!
WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, THE BLACK HOOD VAULTS INTO THE CAVERNOUS DEPTHS.


AND RUNS ALONG THE EDGE OF THE PRECI-PICE..
NOW WHERE DID THAT GOON GET TO?
LOOKING FOR ME, MR. HOOD?
I CERTAINLY WAS! HOW NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN!
YOU'RE RIDING FOR A FALL, HOOD!
AND YOU'RE FALLING FOR A RIGHT!
WHOP
BUT THE PIED PIPER PICKS UP A PIECE OF ROCK AND
BAM
STUNNED, THE HOOD TUMBLES INTO THE VOID.
BUT OUT-STRETCHED HANDS CLUTCH FRANTICALLY AT THE LEDGE, AND
I'LL KICK THOSE HANDS OF YOURS TO A PULP!
SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT
BANG
9


BARBARA AND JUDY RUN UP
YOU FIRED THAT GUN JUST IN TIME, JUDY!
IT WAS THE SOUND OF THE FLUTE THAT DREW ME AND BARBARA HERE!
IN A MOMENT, THE BLACK HOOD RIPS THE MASK FROM THE PIED PIPER'S FACE, REVEALING..
PELHAM, THE CARE-TAKER!
YES, IT'S ME...
...I TRAVELLED THRU THE ORIENT FOR YEARS WITH REVENGE BURNING CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART. I PICKED UP MANY TRICKS! YOU. YOU..SAW ONE OF THEM THEN, I CAME BACK INTO THEIR EMPLOY. THEY ONLY TOOK ME ON TO KICK ME AROUND! BUT I FIXED THEM... I FIXED THEM. AAARRGH!
DON'T CRY JUDY! HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM!
I FAITHFULLY TOOK CARE OF THEIR FATHER FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE, AND YET I WAS CUT OUT OF HIS 'INHERITANCE' THOSE SONS TREATED ME LIKE DIRT, MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR ME! DROVE ME OUT...
WELL, YOUR PREMONITION OF DISASTER CERTAINLY RANG THE BELL, BARBARA! A 20TH CENTURY PIED PIPER OF DEATH! WHAT A WEIRD METHOD OF MURDER...LOOK, BABS, THE MOON IS COMING FROM BEHIND THOSE CLOUDS!
LATER AS BARBARA AND KIP BURLAND RESUME THEIR JOURNEY...
I THOUGHT I SENT YOU HOME, YOUNG LADY!
UH UH! KIP! I WASN'T LETTING YOU LEAVE ME OUT OF THINGS!
AS THE MOON RISES, THE CLOUDS CLEAR AND ONCE AGAIN BARBARA AND KIP RESUME THEIR TRIP..
IT'S A GRIM TALE THAT FINDS ITS WAY TO THESE PAGES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS. BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK HOOD...
16

AMERICA—FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by **SCOTT FELDMAN**

KIP BURLAND was walking down the city's largest street with Paul Smith, a young soldier friend of his, when it happened. It was pretty unexpected.

Paul was in the city on furlough, and Kip had been showing him a good time. They had just come out of a theatre.

As they walked down the wide thoroughfare, men in the armed forces from every Allied nation passed them. Soldiers; sailors; marines; enlisted men and officers. There was friendliness in the air. Once a Private Paul knew from back in camp passed and yelled, "Hello, mister," at him. Paul was enjoying himself hugely, and Kip felt that he had made the evening a success.

And then it happened one of those little things which can so effectively spoil an evening. A hand snatched roughly at Paul Smith's shoulder, and a cold voice said, "Come here, you!"

Paul turned surprised eyes upward and the smile faded from his face. The man who was addressing him was an Army Captain, and he seemed pretty angry about something.

The Captain was a man of medium height, but he was so thin that he seemed much taller. He had a scar running along his right cheek. "You!" he said to Smith. "How would you like to be kicked right down to a Private's rank?"

Paul's face was white. "I—I don't understand," he stammered. "What have I done, sir?"

The Captain ran cold eyes up and down Paul's uniform. "Is that the way for an officer to dress?"

Paul traced nervous fingers along his uniform, making sure everything was right. "I—I don't see anything wrong with my uniform, sir," he ventured, after a moment.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said the Captain, his voice sarcastic. "Look," he said, with gentle wrath. "You're an officer, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, sir," said Paul.

"Then what do you mean," said the Captain, "by wearing an officer's uniform, with spread-eagle on your hat and all . . . and not wearing rank bars on your shoulders?"

Paul goggled. Shocked amazement was on his features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Captain's harsh voice rode right over him.

"And another thing," said the Captain, "I heard a Private address you a few minutes ago with the term, 'Mister.' Why didn't you chastise him for not calling you, 'Sir?'"

Again Paul started to splutter into speech, and again the Captain overrode him. "I'm going to let it pass this time," said the Captain. "I'm going to give you a break. But if I ever catch you in a misdemeanor, sir, I'll break you! You hear me . . . I'll break you!" He turned on his heels, walked a few steps, and entered a doorway.

Paul stared dazedly after him, but Kip put an arm on his shoulder. "Let it go, Paul," he said.

Paul turned back to Kip. "B-but, Kip, I——"

"Let it go," said Kip, again. "Why spoil our evening?" He took Paul's arm, and half-dragged the young soldier along with him. He walked about a block, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "How did you like that?" he said. "I've just remembered that I had an appointment with some business friends." He turned apologetically to Paul. "Say, Paul, will you scram back to my house and wait for me? I'll get rid of this appointment in a hurry, and meet you later."

"Okay," said Paul, dubiously. He was still thinking about the Captain incident.

Kip waited until Paul was out of sight, and then raced quickly back to the doorway through which the Captain had entered. In the sheltered darkness, he removed his outer clothing and emerged as The Black Hood.

He raced up the stairs. Through a door he heard voices . . . voices talking in German. Without wasting a moment, he slammed right through the door.

Inside, three men in Nazi uniforms were grouped tightly around the Captain. They looked up, astonished, as The Black Hood burst in on them.

"What's this?" said the Captain hoarsely.

"I'll tell you what this is," said The Black Hood. "I was watching you bullying that young officer in the street a few minutes ago—and I knew that you were a phony. You're no Captain—at least, not in the American Army!"

Silence filled the room.

"You think we are pretty dumb, don't you, Nazi?" said The Black Hood. "But you're the dumb one! I take it that you were going to try some sabotage in that officer's uniform. It's pretty easy to get hold of a uniform—and you felt so confident in yours that you thought you'd have a little fun and bawl out a real officer who you thought was dressing and acting wrongly."

The fake Captain's beady eyes watched The Hood as he spoke.

"You fool," said The Hood, "didn't you know that there's one kind of officer in the Army who wears no rank bars on his shoulder—and who is addressed by all other soldiers—not as, 'Sir,' but as 'Mister'? That young officer you talked to is a *warrant officer*, which is a special category, and he was dressed and acting with perfect correctness."

The fake Captain's scar glowed redly on his face. "All right, men," he said in German. "Get the pig!"

The Nazis leaped forward, but The Hood went into action at the same time. His fists moved with lightning rapidity, and within five minutes his opponents were out of the running.

The phony Captain won't have long to mourn over his mistake. Three weeks from today, he dies before a firing squad.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK:

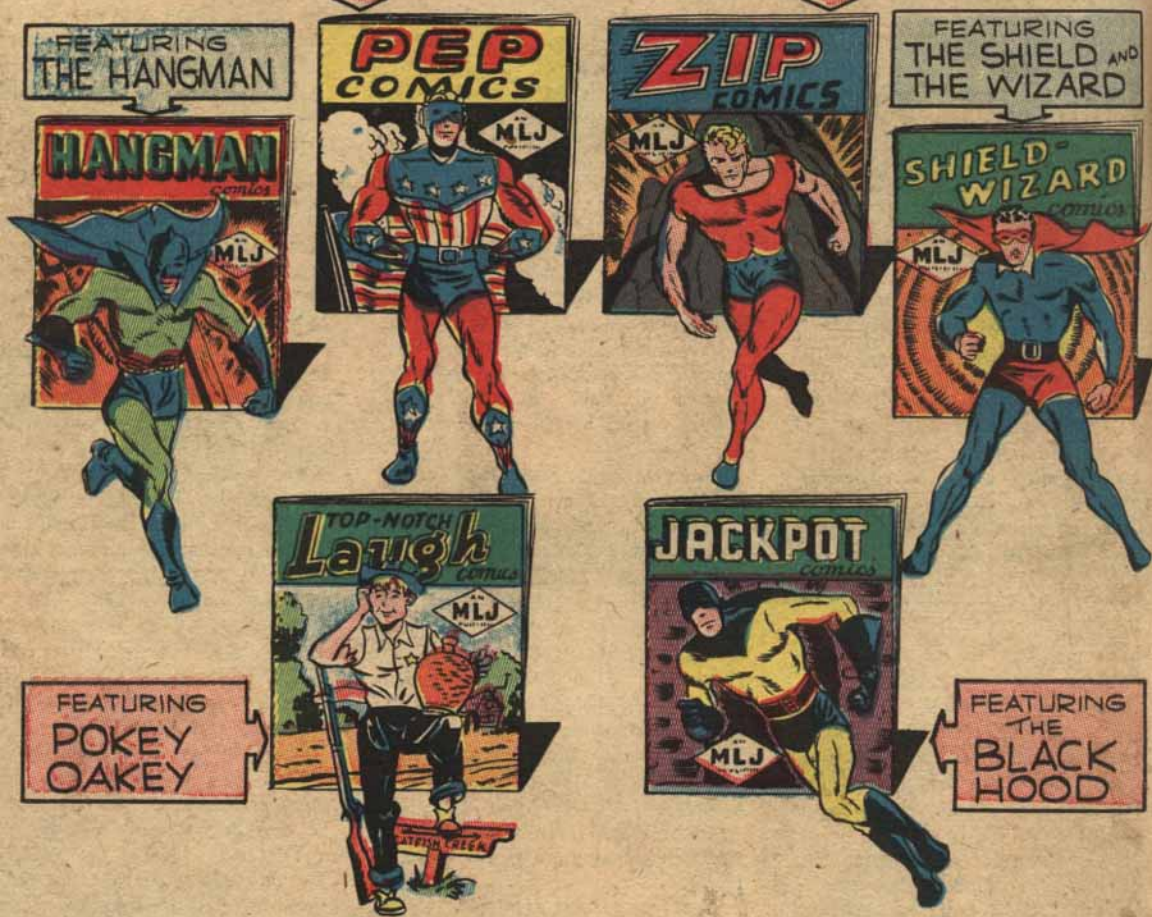
AN MLJ PUBLICATION

FEATURING THE SHIELD

FEATURING STEEL STERLING

FEATURING THE HANGMAN

FEATURING THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD



FEATURING POKEY OAKEY

FEATURING THE BLACK HOOD

MLJ LEADS THE WAY!

REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!


SERGEANT BOYLE
BY HUBBELL
OH, YEAH? YOU AND WHOSE ARMY?
YEAH! YOU HEARD ME THE FIRST TIME!
BOY! IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND, EH TWERP? YOU MUST HAVE SEEN THAT SHOW AT LEAST FIVE TIMES!
IT SURE IS SWELL TO SEE SOME GOOD LOOKIN' GALS AGAIN! BUT WHERE ARE COLLINS AND SLAPSIE?
BURLESQUE 50
BOYLE AND TWERP WERE SENT TO HOLLAND TO BRING BACK AN ENGLISH SOLDIER WHO WAS HEADING THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT AGAINST THE NAZIS. (SEE PEP COMICS, NOVEMBER!)... IMAGINE BOYLE'S SURPRISE TO FIND THAT IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN HIS OLD PAL (?) CORPORAL COLLINS!
THAT REMINDS ME! WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! WE'RE MEETING THEM IN TEN MINUTES!
IMAGINE HIM TURNING UP AGAIN! AN' AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS!
YEP! I THOUGHT SURE THE NAZIS HAD CAUGHT--- HEY! HERE THEY COME!
SORRY, I CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT, SARGE! I'VE GOT TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND WHO'S PRETTY SICK!
LOOK AT HIM GO! NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE HE HAS TO SEE?
DARNED IF I KNOW! THEY SURE ARE IN A HURRY!
ZIP
BOYLE! DID COLLINS PASS HERE A MINUTE AGO? HE FORGOT THIS LIST!
?


THERE'S BEEN A SERIOUS MISTAKE! WE JUST LEARNED THAT THE MAN WE SENT TO HOLLAND TO REPLACE COLLINS IS A NAZI AGENT! HE HAS A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL THE DUTCH PATRIOTS! THIS IS A COPY OF IT!
I GET IT! COLLINS IS GOING TO TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF AND WARN THESE GUYS! DON'T WORRY, SIR, WE'LL GET IT TO HIM!
WHO? COLLINS? YOU'RE TOO LATE! THERE HE GOES!
QUICK! WARM UP ANOTHER PLANE! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!
!@&* BLANK!
I'LL COME WITH YOU, BOYLE! TWO HEADS ARE THICKER THAN ONE---ER I MEAN---
HURRY UP, TWERP! O.K.! CONTACT!
GOOD LUCK!
HALFWAY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL---
LOOK SARGE! A BOAT! THAT MUST BE THE ONE THAT SPY IS ON!
I'D LOVE TO LAY AN EGG ON HER! BUT WE'D KILL A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE!
SOON THEY ARE FLYING OVER HOLLAND---
HMM, LET ME SEE--- THIS MUST BE ABOUT IT!
ABOUT WHAT? I HOPE YOU AIN'T GONNA TRY TO LAND ON THAT HILL!
SURE I AM! HANG ON, TWERP!
NO! DON'T! WE'LL BE KILL---
?
SQUEAK
SQUEEK


QUICK! TELL ME, HAS CORPORAL COLLINS ARRIVED YET?
NO? GOOD!
COLLINS? NO! IS HE COMING?
HERE COMES ANOTHER PLANE! O.K. TO OPEN UP?
OKAY! THAT MUST BE CORPORAL COLLINS NOW!
MUST BE! WHEN HE GETS HERE, TELL HIM GENERAL ARNOLD WANTS HIM TO WAIT FOR FURTHER ORDERS! GOT THAT?
DON'T FORGET NOW! YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TROUBLE HOLDING HIM HERE, BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!
DON'T WORRY!
BOYLE AND TWERP BORROW SOME DUTCH CLOTHES AND HEAD FOR THE SEAPORT---
IT WAS ARRANGED FOR THAT SPY TO BE TRANFERRED TO A DUTCH FISHING BOAT IN MID-CHANNEL! WE'VE GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF AT THE DOCK BEFORE HE CONTACTS THE GESTAPO!
BUT THE GENERAL DIDN'T SAY COLLINS WAS SUPPOSED TO WAIT!
HE DIDN'T? OH WELL, WE'LL HANDLE THIS BETTER ALONE!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE CREW, AN' HE HASN'T COME OFF! BETTER SEE THE CAPTAIN!
KATRINA
I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU! THE GUY YOU PICKED UP OUT THERE WAS A SPY! WHERE IS HE?
SHHH! HE TRANSFERRED TO A DIFFERENT BOAT! IT'S HEADED FOR AMSTERDAM!
WHAT!
DARN! HE GAVE US THE SLIP AFTER ALL! NOW WE'VE GOTTA GET TO AMSTERDAM!
GOSH! HE SURE IS A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!
MEANWHILE
LISTEN! WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE ALMOST AN HOUR!! JUST WHAT DID THE GENERAL SAY ANYHOW?
IT WASN'T THE GENERAL! BUT THOSE TWO OTHER ENGLISH SOLDIERS SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT!


TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS! WHY, THOSE ★!?!! C'MON, SLAPSIE!!
B-BUT? THEY SAID—
THIS IS AMSTERDAM! BUT WE'D NEVER FIND HIM! WE'D BETTER WARN THESE DUTCH PATRIOTS!
THE FIRST NAME ON THE LIST IS BOK! THAT MUST BE HIS SHOP OVER THERE!
NU? SOMETHING FOR YOU?
NO! FOR YOU! A DANGEROUS NAZI SPY MAY BE HERE ANY MINUTE! YOU BETTER LEAVE TOWN FOR A WHILE!
HMM! DIS STORY, HOW I KNOW HE'S TRUE? I THINK I STAY!
DON'T BE DUMB! YOU'RE MORE VALUABLE ALIVE THAN DEAD! AN' HE'S LIABLE TO GET HERE ANY MINUTE!
WHAT'S THAT?
BETTER ANSWER THE DOOR. BUT PLAY DUMB!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK BAM BAM
GOSH SARGE, WHAT IF THEY F-FIND US HERE?
THEN COLLINS'LL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH! LET'S HIDE IN HERE!
BUT I TELL YOU, YOU GENTLEMEN ARE MISTAKEN!...
I AM CRAZY ABOUT THE NAZI PARTY!
HA! DON'T LIE! I HAVE YOUR NAME IN BLACK AND WHITE! COME WITH US!
CLUMP CLUMP CLUMDITY CLOMP! CLOP CLOP
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT!
?
?


HOORAY! DE DUTCH PATRIOTS ARE COMING!
I'M SAVED! GEVALT! YIPPEE!
CLUMP! CALUMP
CLOP CLOP
?
?
PUF PUF
SHAKE IT UP, TWERP! DON'T WEAKEN NOW! WE SOUND LIKE A WHOLE ARMY!
CLOP CLUMP CLOMP!
NOBODY OUT HERE!
LISTEN! IT STOPPED!
?
PSST! IN HERE POP! QUICK!
WHERE DID HE GO?
GXX !!⊙?%! WHAT DO YOU THINK, YOU IDIOT? HE STEPPED OUT FOR LUNCH?
ACH! DER OLD ONE HE ISS GONE!
WHAT!
CLICK!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, POP! SO YOU THINK HE'LL GO TO THE CHEESE MAKERS NEXT? OKAY, I'LL GO THERE AN TRY TO HEAD 'IM OFF! MEAN-WHILE, WARN AS MANY OTHERS AS YOU CAN! YOU TAKE MY GUN! I WON'T NEED IT!
DOWN THE ROAD AN' TAKE THE FIRST RIGHT TURN! YOU CAN'T MISS IT!
AH! THIS IS IT!! SOUNDS PEACEFUL INSIDE! BUT PROBABLY WON'T BE LONG!
CHEESE FACTORY
PSST! ARE YOU VAN SCHUGS, THE CHEESE MAKER?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUD? ARE YOU, OR AREN'T YOU? SPEAK UP!
ER-- AH-- ULP--I--!


SO!
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE DRIBBLEPUSS BEAT US TO IT!
SLAM
VAT 14
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW LONG YOU'LL LIVE, JUST COUNT THREE!
OKAY! ONE... TWO...
UGH!
THREE!
WAS HE A PUSHOVER! RUN, SCHUGSIE! C'MON, TWERP!
!?X@ *!!
STOP!
OH HOHO HA HA HA HA
EE! HEE!
HALT!
BANG BANG
CAMEMBERT
PLOP
LIMBURGE VAT
TSK! TSK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TRIPPED?
LIMB VAT
TWERP IS FISHED OUT AND TAKEN TO THE LOCAL GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...
PHEW!
IT'S AWFUL!
FOR THE LAST TIME! TELL ME THE PLANS OF THE DUTCH UNDER-GROUND, OR I'LL...
PYUQ!
BAH! I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE! PHOOEY! WHAT A SMELL!
THROW HIM IN A CELL UNTIL HE AIRS OUT A LITTLE! AND OPEN A WINDOW!
JA!


OF ALL THE.... SOME JAIL! THE PLACE IS EVEN INFESTED WITH RATS!
HERE, HAVE SOME CHEESE?
(SNIFF)
?
POOR TWERP! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIM? I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM SOMEHOW! HE WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!
OH, OH! HERE COME THE HAPPINESS BOYS AGAIN! THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR THAT BOOKSTORE!
A. HAAG, BOOKS, 7, KNEUTER-DYK! HERE WE ARE!
BOOKS
HM! WHAT'S THIS? NOBODY HERE?
TSK! TSK! NO CLERKS?
BOOKS ON THIS TABLE 2 GUILDER
HEY, YOU OLD GOAT, WHERE IS THE PROPRIETOR?
HE JUST STEPPED OUT, SON! HE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
SO HE JUST STEPPED OUT, EH? WELL··· WE'LL WAIT!!
BABEE! THE LIST! COME TO PAPA!


THAT'S RIGHT, PAL JUST KEEP ON LOOKING OVER THAT WAY!
?
GET 'EM UP!
YOU WOULD COME ALONG JUST NOW, WOULDN'T YOU? NUTS!
I FOUND HIM CREEPING AROUND ON DER FLOOR, SIR!
GOOD! TAKE HIM OUTSIDE AND SHOOT...
?
CLUNK!
OH! HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I DROPPED MY BOOK! OH, DEARIE ME!
I'M SO SORRY! I H-HOPE THE POOR MAN ISN'T HURT BADLY! I'D BETTER GO NOW!
YAH! GO AVAY, YOU OLD FOOL, UND TAKE — YOUR !@?*! BOOK WITH YOU!
YOU MEAN I CAN TAKE IT HOME WITH ME? YOU DON'T MIND?
NO! TAKE DER WHOLE STORE IF YOU VANT YOU DOPE! ONLY GET OUDT!
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND! BUT I ONLY WANT THIS ONE!

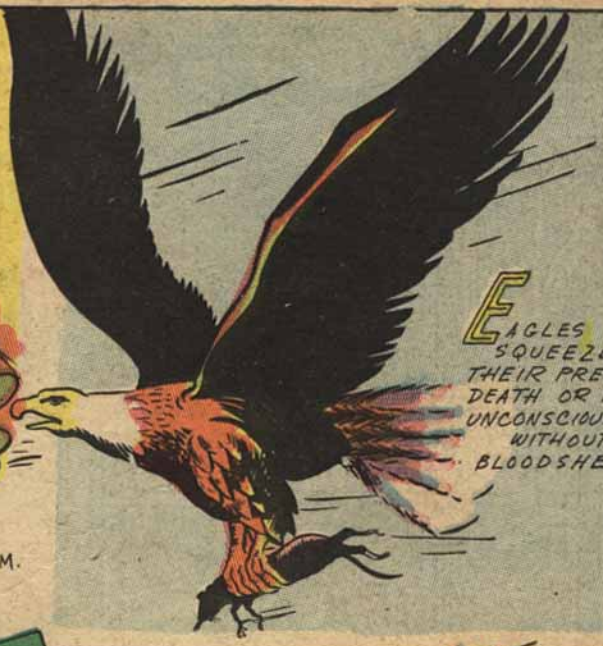

AH! HE ISS COMING TO!
ACH! WHAT HIT ME? THE CEILING?
HIMMEL! THE LIST OF NAMES!! IT'S GONE! WHY DIDN'T YOU DUMMKOPFS WATCH IT?
DOT OLD FOOL MUST HAF SWIPED IT! AFTER HIM!
HE COULDN'T HAF GONE FAR!
HEY! LET GO! WHAT IS THE IDEA! ACH! YOU!
LISTEN WEASEL PUSS! A FRIEND OF MINE IS IN YOUR JUG! WE'RE GONNA GET HIM OUT!
GUARD! THAT NEW PRISONER--I WANT HIM RELEASED! YOU HEAR ME?
YES, SIR! I MEAN NO, SIR! I CAN'T DO DOT!
DON'T ARGUE! DO AS I SAY! HURRY! UND GET ME A CAR!
EFERY DAY EFERYBODY GETS NUTTIER AND NUTTIER! SOMETIMES I VONDER VHY I EFER CHOINED UP!
GEE SARGE, I WAS BEGINNIG TO THINK I'D NEVER SEE A HUMAN FACE AGAIN!
YOU STILL WON'T, IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF THAT CHEESY SMELL SOON!
AT THE SECRET HANGAR---
OH! IT'S YOU AGAIN, IS IT? CORPORAL COLLINS WAS VERY MAD!
I'LL TAKE THAT UP WITH HIM LATER! WHEEL OUT THAT CRATE WE CAME IN!


HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF A VERY DANGEROUS SPY, AN' IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT IF HE DOESN'T--- SAY! WHO'S THAT?
HIM? OH HE'S THE SPY! GET IN, YOU!
NO SMOKING
SO LONG!
OH, I SEE! WELL, SO LO---? ? ? ?
THE SP-SPY?
ZOOM
BACK AT H.Q.
THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, BUT THE LIST OF DUTCH PATRIOTS IS A DANGEROUS THING TO LEAVE IN HOLLAND! HOW COME YOU DIDN'T GET IT?
OH, THAT! WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY, MAJOR. WE----
CORPORAL COLLINS IS BACK!
THE LIST! YOU GOT IT, MY BOY! BUT I THOUGHT---
DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING BOYLE TELLS YOU! HE'S A SUCKER FOR A PAIR OF FALSE WHISKERS!
OH YEAH? WHY, IF WE LEFT THIS JOB TO YOU, YOU NEVER WOULD'VE GOTTEN BACK!
IS THAT SO! YOU WERE DOIN' SWELL, WEREN'T YOU, WHEN I DROPPED THAT BOOK ON THE SPY'S HEAD!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! PLEASE!
THAT NIGHT THEY ARE TREATED TO DINNER BY THE MAJOR
AND NOW, FOR DESSERT, I HAVE A SPECIAL LITTLE SURPRISE!
HEY TWERP! AREN'T YOU WAITIN' FOR DESSERT?? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HE MUSTA GOT A WHIFF OF THIS! IT'S IMPORTED LIMBURGER!
If there's one thing we boys at the front need, it's a good laugh. That's why we're all "Archie" fans. And that's why we're looking forward to getting our hands on a copy of the new "Archie Comics". It should be out pretty soon.
Sincerely, Boyle

WORLD WONDERS



PACK RATS OF THE DESERT PROTECT THEIR NESTS FROM PROWLING COYOTES BY PILING A WIDE PATH OF CACTUS AROUND THEM. THE RATS ARE LIGHT AND CAN RUN ON THE PRICKLY SPINES WHILE THE COYOTES ARE SO HEAVY THEY DARE NOT TRY TO CROSS THE CACTUS...



EAGLES SQUEEZE THEIR PREY TO DEATH OR INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA LIVE A TRIBE OF NEGRO DESCENDENTS OF AFRICAN SLAVES WHO REVOLTED FROM THEIR DUTCH MASTERS ABOUT 200 YEARS AGO... HAVING RETURNED TO THEIR PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS, THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE **LOST TRIBE.**



THE THOUSANDS OF TINY ISLANDS IN THE FLORIDA KEYS WERE MADE BY *MANGROVE TREES* WHICH GROW WHEREVER THEIR ROOTS STRIKE BOTTOM... DIRT WASHES AROUND THEM AND CLINGS TO THE ROOTS... SOON A NEW ISLAND APPEARS.

—GOSS

Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean



IN THE SUN BAKED MARKET PLACE OF THE CASBA, WE EAVESDROP ON THE CONVERSATION OF TWO OF IT'S LOCAL BUSINESS MEN.










DIOS MIO! EET EES MY PEECTURE--- HOW MOOCH EES TH' REWARD THEES TIME??
PHOOF! NOTHEENG LIKE THAT, SEÑOR SIESTA! FOR YOU THEES TIME EES TH' GOOD NEWS!
EL BULGO
EET SAYS HERE YOUR UNCLE, DON SHORTENO, DIED AND HAS NAMED YOU HEES SOLE HEIR! MY LEETLE LOLLY POPPSY, WE EES REECH!
WE?
SI, SI, SEÑOR! FOR YOU I HAVE JEEST HIRED WAN MOS' WANDERFOOL LAWYER EEN ALL MEXICO--- MYSELF!
AND FOR THAT I WEEL PAY YOU DOUBLE WHAT YOU ARE WORTH--- WHEECH EES NOTHEENG!
PHEW!--HOW MUCH FARTHER EES TH' RANCHO OF YOUR UNCLE? YOUR BONEY SHOULDERS MAKE ME MOS' UNCOMFORT!
BAH! JEEST WAIT UNTEEL I GEET MY UNCLES MONEY--FOR ME TH' BEEG LIMOSINE AN' FOR YOU TH' POGO STEEK!
WE ARRIVE, SANCHO! THEES EES TH' RANCHO OF MY UNCLE!
AH, MUCHO GRANDE'! BEE-U-TIFOOL!! HEEM SURELY WAS A MAN OF MOS' IMPORTANCE--- LOOK! ALL HEES FRANS HAVE COME TO MOURN!
WE ARE NOT ZE FRANS, PEON, WE ARE BILL COLLECTORS!


YOU, SEÑOR, ARE THE SETTLER-OOPER OF THEES ESTATE, NO?
SI! I WAZZ THE ATTORNEY FOR THE LATE SEÑOR DON SHORIENO!


THEN LEESTEN WEETH YOUR EYES! I, SANCHO, AM GEEVING TO YOU THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO DON SHORIENO'S LANDS, SEÑOR SIESTA!
SI! HEES FEATURES CORRESPOND WEETH THEES PEECTURE HOKAY--AH, SUCH DIRTY TREEKS NATURE PLAYED ON YOUR CLIENT, YES?


MOS' ABSOLUTE NOT! THE GREAT SEÑOR SIESTA EES MOS' HANDSOME WAN--WEETH HEEM EES BRAVERY AN' IN-TELLY-JOOTS TOO! NOW, HOW MOOCH MONEY DEED HEES UNCLE LEAVE HEEM?


CARRAMBA! PEEG-FACE! SON OF A PEANOOT!
NOT ONE CENTAVO!


EET EES SO SAD, SEÑOR, BUT AFTER I SETTLE UP THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF DON SHORIENO I FIND HE WAZZ PENNILESS! THEES EES ALL THERE EES LEFT OF THE RANCHO!
A BAG? QUEEK WE OPEN EET!!


DIOS MIO! ONLY A LEETLE CHEEKEN!!
CORRECTION, SEÑOR! THEES EES, BLITZO, DON SHORIENO'S FAVORITE FIGHTING COCK!


WEETH THEES BIRD YOU WEEL REALIZE A FORTUNE, SEÑORES, FOR HE EES THE CHAMPENO FIGHTING COCK IN ALL MEXICO -- BUT NEVER MENTION CHEEKEN ZOUP EEN HIS PRESENCE FOR THEES ALWAYS CAUSES HEEM TO FAINT!


EEF THEES PEEN-FEATHERED FOWL EES A FAKE I WEEL BARBEQUE YOU BOTH -- PERSONAL!
(GULP!) HERE EES A CONTEST GOING ON, WE SHALL ENTER BLITZO!


I HAVE BET EVERYTHING ON THEES, SIESTA, DOWN TO OUR SHIRTS AND THE ZOOT SUIT!
GO TO HEEM, MY LEETLE DOVE!
SMACK!




BLITZO EES WINNAH!
BRAVO, BLITZO!


THE FOLLOWING DAYS ARE A REPETITION---- BLITZO HAS PROVEN HIMSELF A CHAMPION AND GOLD MINE TO OUR DUSKY HEROES!
LOOK, SANCHO, AGAIN WE HAVE WON!
HOKAY, AMIGO, BUT YOU PEEK OOP THE MONEYS THEES TIME -- MY BACK SHE EES GETTING MOS' TIRED!


I CAN'T UNDERSTOOD YOU, SANCHO, YOU SEED YOU WOULD NEVER WASH EEN YOUR LIFE AND NOW YOU ARE EEN BATH SEEX TIMES A DAY?!
SI, SI -- BUT WEETH CHAMPAGNE, AH, EET EES SO BEAU-TI-FOOL!!


WITH FAME AND FORTUNE SMILING ON THEM, SEÑOR SIESTA AND SANCHO FIND LIFE BEAUTIFUL INDEED--UNTIL A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER ACCOSTS THEM----
BUENOS DIAS, SEÑORES! I HAVE A BIRD THAT I BELIEVE CAN BEAT YOUR CHAMPEEN--AS FOR THE STAKES THE SKY EES THE LIMIT! DOES THEES INTEREST YOU, NO?
NAME THE TIME AN' PLACE!
SI, SI, FOOLISH WAN!
HERE AND NOW! AND EES TEN THOUSAN' PESOS TOO STEEP FOR YOU?
HMMM--TEN THOUSAND EES OUR WHOLE BANK-ROLL, SEÑOR!
EES HOKAY, SIESTA, WE WEEL DOUBLE OUR MONEY! HO! HO! HO!
VER' WELL, SEÑORS, HERE EES MY BIRD! MAKE READY!!
A PARROT?! HO! HO! THEES WEEL BE MOS' FUNNY!
SIC HEEM, BLITZO!!
GRRRK!
AWK! GULP!
AWK! CHEEKEN ZOUP! CHEEKEN ZOUP!!
FLOP
SEÑORES, I WEEN!!
SOOO! EET EES YOU--THE LAWYER!!
HE GEEVE US THE CROSS-DOUBLE!!
YOU KNOW, SANCHO, I LOVED LEETLE BLITZO---- DEEDN'T YOU??
EEF HE EES TENDER--- YES!!

WORLD WONDERS



"KILLER"

THE CICADA-KILLER IS A WASP WHICH ATTACKS THE CICADA INSECT IN DARING AIR BATTLES. DIVING UPON IT, THE WASP QUICKLY PARALYZES HER FOE. THE HELPLESS VICTIM IS THEN CARRIED TO THE UNDERGROUND HOME WHERE THE BABY WASPS EAT THE CICADA ALIVE!

SOME OF THE LIVING GIANT SEQUOIA TREES ARE AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS AND SO LARGE THAT FROM A SINGLE TREE ONE COULD BUILD *150* FIVE ROOM HOUSES. THEIR ROOTS MAY SPREAD OVER **3** ACRES!

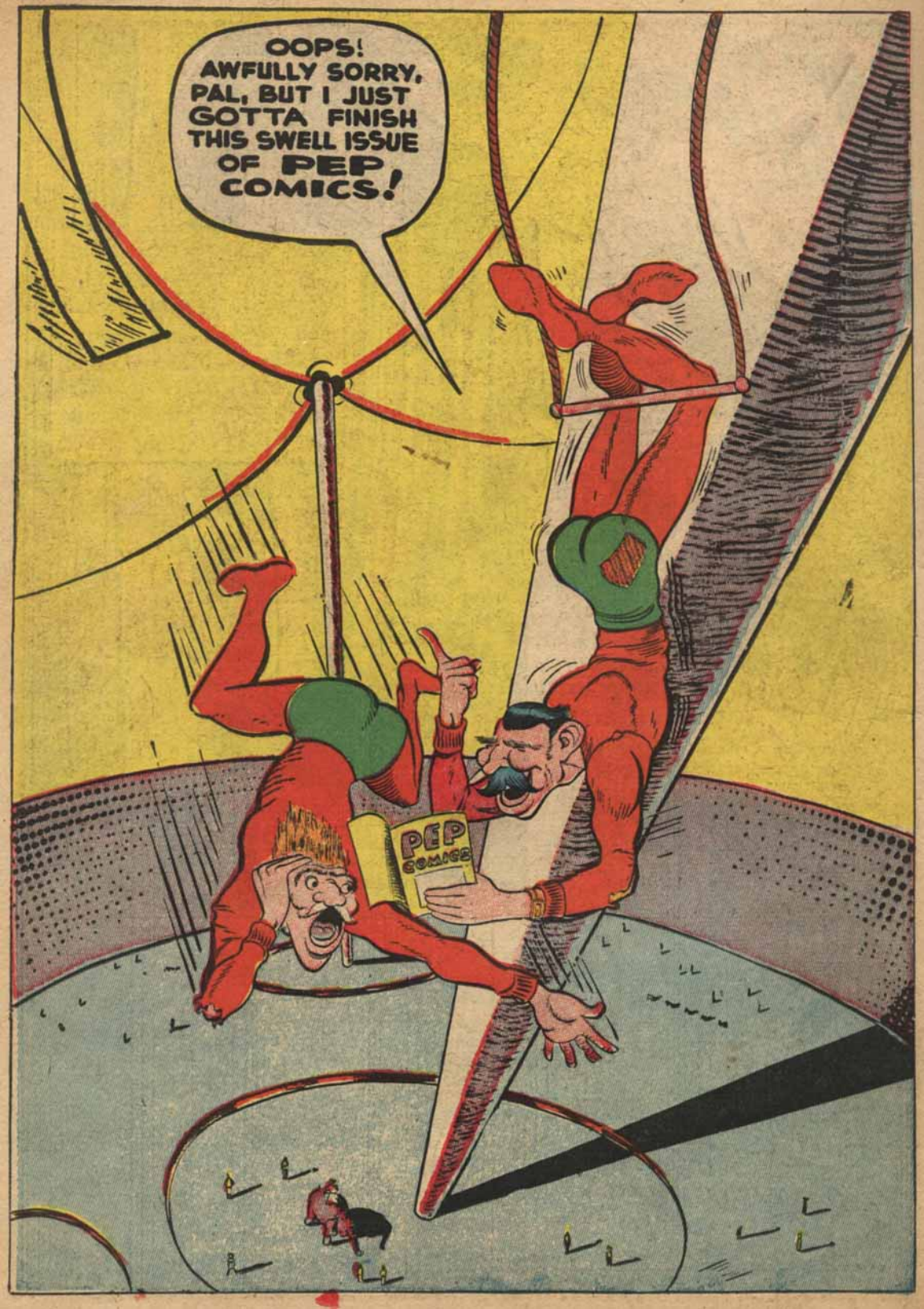


PELICANS LOSE THEIR VOICES AFTER THEY GROW UP!



THE *CHAMELEON* HAS A TONGUE LONGER THAN ITS BODY... A 7 INCH CHAMELEON MAY HAVE A TONGUE OF 12 INCHES!

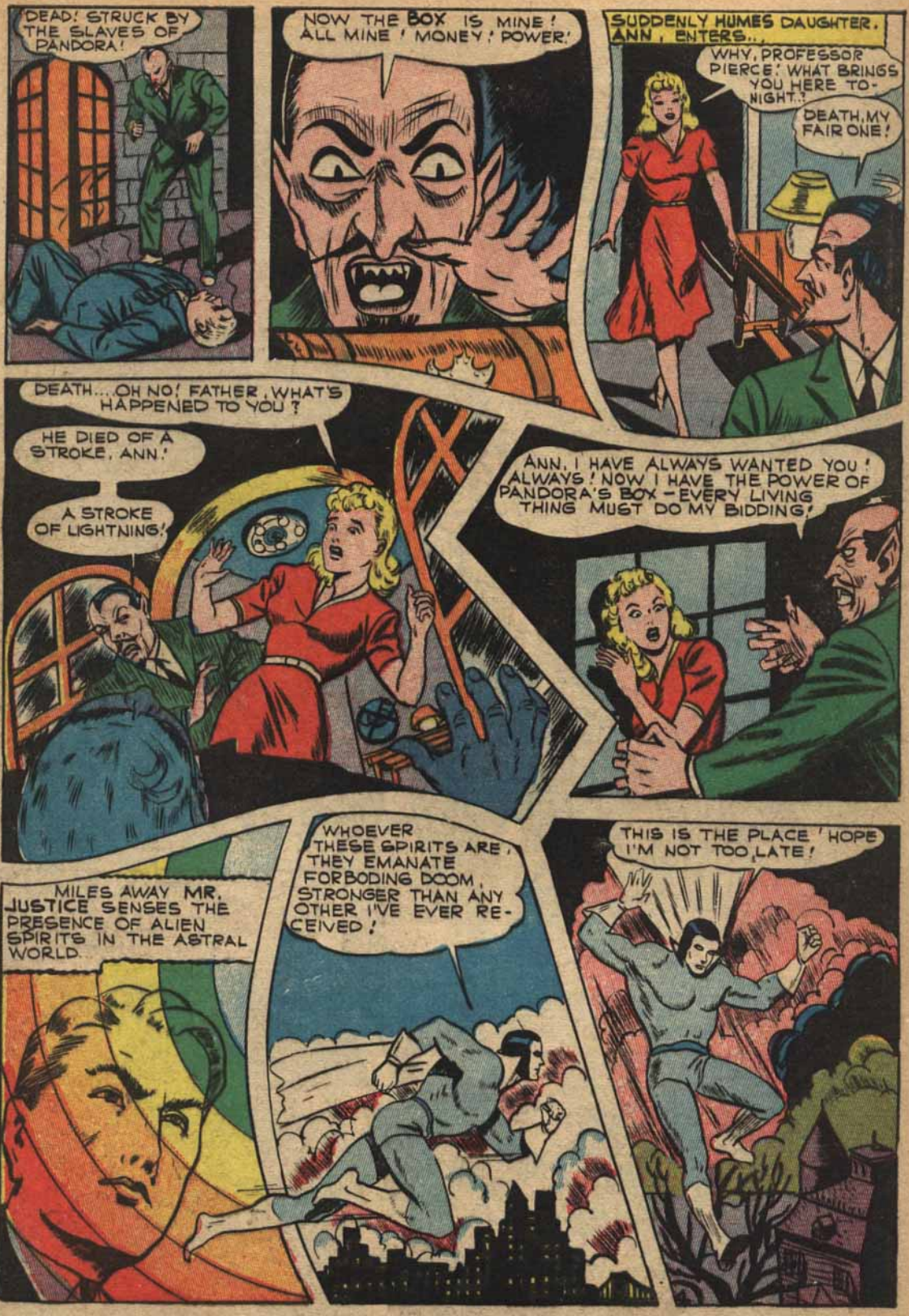
-GOSS


OOPS! AWFULLY SORRY, PAL, BUT I JUST GOTTA FINISH THIS SWELL ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!
PEP COMICS


MR. JUSTICE
THE GREEKS HAD A GRIM LEGEND ABOUT A GIRL NAMED PANDORA... WHO OPENED A BOX OF EVIL AND RELEASED TERROR ON THE WORLD. YES, THE GREEKS CALLED IT LEGEND, A MADE-UP STORY... BUT WHAT IF IT WERE TRUE? WHAT IF SOMEWHERE, IN SOME DANK AND FETID CAVERN, A PANDORA'S BOX REALLY LIES, FILLED WITH UNDEAD SPIRITS WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO OPEN THE BOX AND RELEASE THEM? WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THIS BOX WERE FOUND... AND OPENED?..... READ THIS STORY AND SEE....
COOPER


HALF HIDDEN BY THE BARE, STARK TREES ON DEATH'S ROCK STANDS THE HOUSE OF MURDOCK HUME, WELL-KNOWN COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES...
OH, IT'S YOU, PROFESSOR PIERCE! COME IN!..... COME IN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
HELLO, HUME, WHAT'S ALL THE MYSTERY YOU MENTIONED ON THE PHONE!
PROFESSOR, I'VE ACQUIRED AN ITEM WHICH NEEDS YOUR VERIFICATION. YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON LEGENDS, AREN'T YOU?
WHY, YES, CERTAINLY!
THAT'S IT! OF COURSE THERE MAY BE NOTHING IN IT - BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS IT PANDORA'S BOX?
GOOD LORD! IT DOES LOOK LIKE IT! PANDORA'S BOX DISCOVERED AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES! I'LL MAKE THE TEST - AND TRY THE INCANTATION!
BOX OF PANDORA, VEILED FROM MAN'S EYES AVENGE THE DEATH OF FLAME FROM THE SKIES. IN YOU THE DEVIL'S EVIL LIES!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? YOU LOOKED AS THOUGH YOU WERE MUMBLING SOMETHING!
NO-NOTHING AT ALL!
I'LL HAVE THIS TREASURE FOR MYSELF!
PANDORA KILL THE ONE I WILL! THE NAME IS MURDOCK HUME!
2

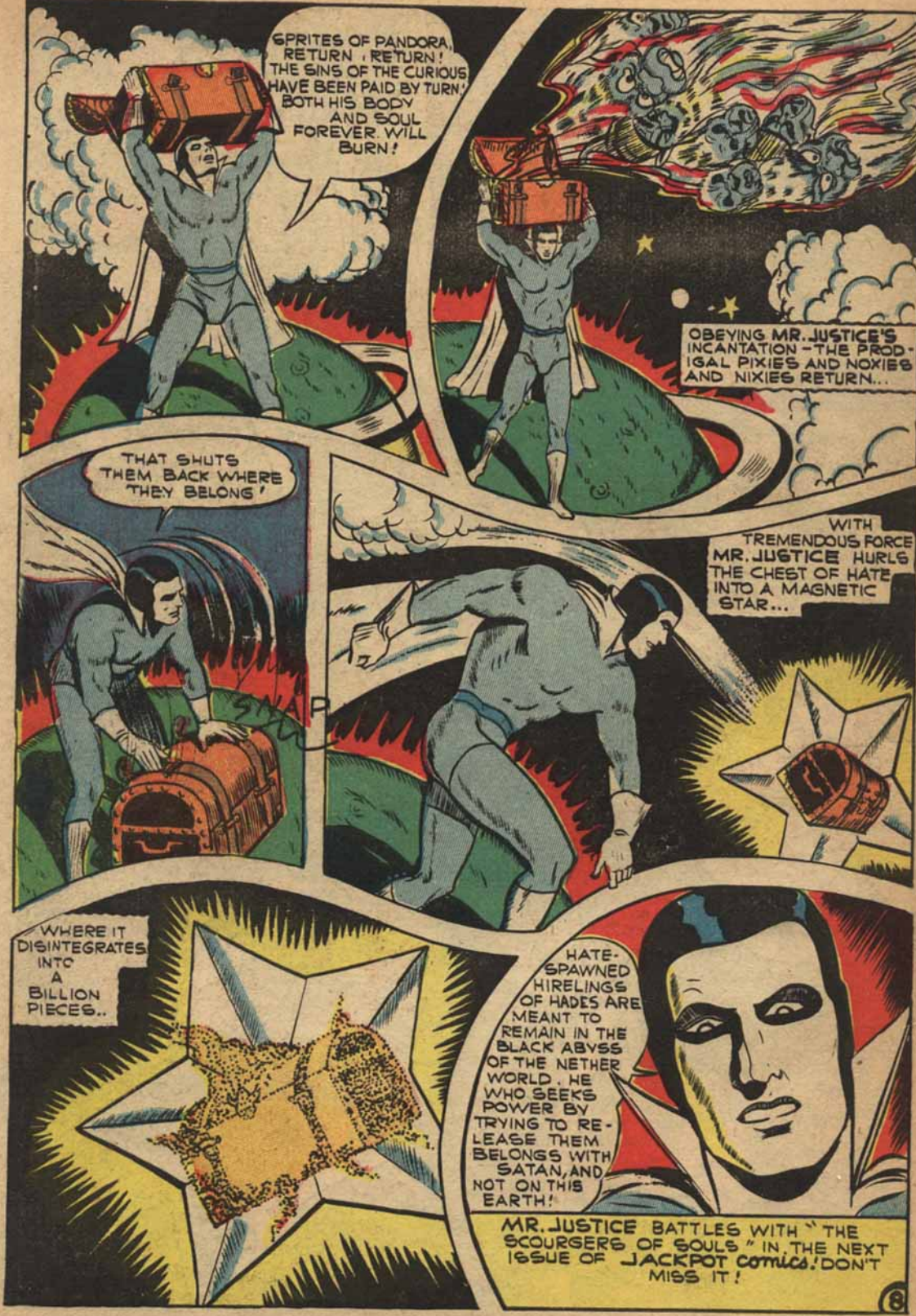

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN INSTANT A STRANGE SPRITE SPRINGS OUT OF PANDORA'S BOX...
...AND NIMBLY LEAPS ON MURDOCK HUME'S SHOULDER...
WHAT IS IT? YOU LOOK SO STARTLED!
N-NOTHING!
HEAVENS, THE SPRITE IS THERE! IT WILL NOW DO MY BIDDING!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE - THIS IS NOT PANDORA'S BOX - WHEW - IT'S HOT IN HERE!
LET'S STEP OUT ON THE VERANDA FOR A MOMENT. SO THERE'S NOTHING IN IT, EH? TOO BAD, TOO BAD!
HMM...A STORM SEEMS TO BE COMING UP!
FUNNY! THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY WHEN YOU CAME!
LEISURELY THE DUO MAKES FOR THE OPEN GROUND...
...STRAIGHT FOR THE HEAD OF MURDOCK HUME! THE SPRITE DANCES GLEEFULLY ON HIS SHOULDER...
AND SUDDENLY THE MIGHTY WRATH OF THE HEAVENS IS UNLEASHED... SILVER SPIKES OF ELECTRICITY FLASH THROUGH THE VOID...
3


DEAD! STRUCK BY THE SLAVES OF PANDORA!
NOW THE BOX IS MINE! ALL MINE! MONEY! POWER!
SUDDENLY HUMES DAUGHTER, ANN, ENTERS..
WHY, PROFESSOR PIERCE! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TONIGHT..?
DEATH, MY FAIR ONE!
DEATH... OH NO! FATHER, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
HE DIED OF A STROKE, ANN!
A STROKE OF LIGHTNING!
ANN, I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED YOU! ALWAYS! NOW I HAVE THE POWER OF PANDORA'S BOX - EVERY LIVING THING MUST DO MY BIDDING!
MILES AWAY MR. JUSTICE SENSES THE PRESENCE OF ALIEN SPIRITS IN THE ASTRAL WORLD.
WHOEVER THESE SPIRITS ARE, THEY EMANATE FORBODING DOOM, STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER I'VE EVER RECEIVED!
THIS IS THE PLACE! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!


AH, MY PRETTY ONE! AT LAST YOU ARE MINE!
LOOKS LIKE I DIDN'T GET HERE ANY TOO SOON!
PROF. PIERCE TRIES TO ESCAPE...
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT YOU WON'T STOP ME!
MAYBE I WON'T, BUT THIS WILL!
WITH A CRASHING BLOW, MR. JUSTICE DISPOSES OF THE PROFESSOR BUT IN FALLING THE BOX OPENS...
BAM
"RELEASING THE ENTOMBED SPRITES, GOONS AND PIXIES! TO WREAK HAVOC ON THE WORLD.
TO CAPTURE THESE MIDGET MONSTERS, MR. JUSTICE INCREASES HIS SIZE.. LARGER.. LARGER HE GROWS!
THE PROFESSOR STILL HAS THE BOX! I MUST GET IT!
5.


THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT FURTHER GRIEF AND TROUBLE THOSE SPRITES WILL BRING UPON THIS ALREADY TROUBLED WORLD!
GIVE ME THAT BOX, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, PROFESSOR!
YOU MAY HIT ME BUT YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME! AND IF I CAN'T HAVE PANDORA'S BOX...
...NEITHER WILL YOU... AS SURE AS MY NAME'S GORK PIERCE!
...AND THE MOMENT THE PROFESSOR INVOKES HIS OWN NAME...
..A WILD FLAME OF DEATH LANCES OUT SEARING PROFESSOR GORK PIERCE...
FLAMES CAN'T DEVOUR THAT EVIL BOX!..
...BUT I KNOW OF THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF IT! GOOD LORD! THERE GOES THE PROFESSOR!
6


MADDENED BY THE ENVELOPING FLAMES, THE PROFESSOR SHRIEKS IN AGONY...
THE DRAPES! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THEM!
IT'S TOO LATE! I'LL BARELY HAVE TIME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
A FITTING DEATH FOR THAT MADMAN! A LIVING FUNERAL PYRE!
I'LL HAVE YOU SAFE IN A MOMENT. THEN I'VE PLENTY TO ATTEND TO!
THE PEAK OF THE UNIVERSE - OUT OF ASTRAL REACH OF THE WORLD! FROM THERE I CAN DESTROY THIS CHEST!
HERE WE ARE! NOW TO RID THE WORLD OF THIS FIENDISH BOX!
7


SPRITES OF PANDORA, RETURN, RETURN! THE SINS OF THE CURIOUS HAVE BEEN PAID BY TURN! BOTH HIS BODY AND SOUL FOREVER WILL BURN!
OBEYING MR. JUSTICE'S INCANTATION - THE PRODIGAL PIXIES AND NOXIES AND NIXIES RETURN...
THAT SHUTS THEM BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!
WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE MR. JUSTICE HURLS THE CHEST OF HATE INTO A MAGNETIC STAR...
WHERE IT DISINTEGRATES INTO A BILLION PIECES..
HATE-SPAWNED HIRELINGS OF HADES ARE MEANT TO REMAIN IN THE BLACK ABYSS OF THE NETHER WORLD. HE WHO SEEKS POWER BY TRYING TO RELEASE THEM BELONGS WITH SATAN, AND NOT ON THIS EARTH!
MR. JUSTICE BATTLES WITH "THE SCOURGERS OF SOULS" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JACKPOT comics! DON'T MISS IT!
8


Archie
by Montana
WITH SEASON'S GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR A GOOD YEAR —WE BRING YOU— ARCHIE ANDREWS' Christmas Story
BOY! THIS IS GREAT! I'VE GOT ALL MY SHOPPING DONE AND I STILL HAVE $4.95 LEFT!
TOY
MERRY
GEE, WHAT A SWELL FAIR OF SKIIS! WELL, I'LL BE.... $4.95! NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE?
SKIIS NOW:


FUNNY NOBODY EVER GIVES ME SKIIS FOR CHRISTMAS ! HMMM..... GUESS THERE'S NO HARM IN JUST LOOKING AT THEM. . . . AN' I DON'T NEED THE $4.95 ANYWAY !
IF ARCHIE ONLY KNEW HIS DAD WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POST.....
THAT'LL BE $4.95, MR. ANDREWS ! MERRY CHRISTMAS.
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
ARCHIE'LL NEVER EXPECT TO GET SKIIS
HEH...I WAS QUITE A SKIIER MYSELF WHEN I WHEN I WAS A LAD !
I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE THEM !
NOBODY WILL EVER THINK TO LOOK HERE__ OMIGOSH, ANOTHER PAIR ! !
GEE, I WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT POP'S FEELINGS. I BETTER GET RID OF MINE. SHUCKS . . . I COULDA SAVED THE 4.95!
HERE'S A PRESENT, JUGHEAD, OL' PAL __AN' MERRY CHRISTMAS !
MEANWHILE ARCHIE'S MOTHER IS RETURNING HOME FROM HER SHOPPING !
MY, WON'T ARCHIE BE SURPRISED ! HE'S ALWAYS WANTED SKIIS ! I THINK I'LL KEEP IT AS A SURPRISE __ EVEN FROM FATHER UNTIL CHRISTMAS MORNING !
WOW!
THOSE ARE SKIIS IN THERE OR I'LL EAT THE TREE !
2


HOLY SMOKE! IF MOTHER FINDS OUT I BOUGHT SKIIS FOR ARCHIE TOO—IT WILL SPOIL HER WHOLE CHRISTMAS!
22180
GOOD LORD! DAD'S BOUGHT SKIIS FOR ARCHIE TOO! HE WOULD!
BU-B-BUT MR. ANDREWS, I...
NOW NEVER MIND, JUGHEAD! YOU'RE A GOOD PAL TO ARCHIE! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
CHRISTMAS EVE.
WHILE THE ANDREWS' TREE TRIMMING TEAM IS IN ITS SECOND CHILDHOOD, I THINK I'LL GET RID OF THOSE SKIIS! NO SENSE IN ARCHIE HAVING TWO PAIRS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS JUGHEAD! HERE'S A PRESENT.. AND I'LL BET YOU CAN TELL JUST WHAT'S IN IT BY THE SHAPE!
YEAH, SURE! THEY'RE SKIIS! SAY, YOU ANDREWS ARE SURE IN A RUT!
HMMM! I WONDER WHAT JUGHEAD MEANT BY SAYING HE ONLY HAD TWO LEGS?
CHRISTMAS MORN
WELL, ER.. I GUESS WE'VE OPENED THEM ALL.. HUH.. HAVEN'T WE, DAD?
I GUESS SO! ER.. MOTHER, HAVEN'T YOU.. ER SOMETHING MORE FOR ARCHIE?
WHY, NO, HAVEN'T YOU?
BY GOLLY, I'M GOING BACK TO JUGHEAD'S AND GET MY SKIIS BACK WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY!
SKIIS FOR SALE CHEAP!
3


THE NERVE OF THAT GUY CHARGING ME $2.00 TO BUY MY OWN SKIIS BACK!
WHY, LOOK! MOTHER DID GIVE ARCHIE HIS SKIIS!
TEE HEE, YOU SLY OLD RASCAL!
HEH, HEH YOU'RE A DEVIL MOTHER!
NEXT DAY - ARCHIE CALLS UP VERONICA LODGE...
HELLO, BEAUTIFUL, WHAT'S COOKIN'!
I AM AND READY TO SIZZLE! WHAT'S ON THE FIRE COOKIE?
OH I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO HOP A SNOW TRAIN FOR GILFORD, N.H., AND TAKE IN SOME WINTER SPORTS SATURDAY!
OH ARCHIE! I'D JUST LOVE TO! I ADORE NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE WINTER!
SATURDAY
RIVER
BOY SOME TURN-OUT - HUH VERONICA!
OMIGOSH! JUGHEAD AGAIN!
HEY! GET YOUR SKIIS HERE FOR THE SNOW TRAIN!
SKIIS FOR RENT CHEAP!
ALL - A-BOOOARD!
FOR GILFORD, LACONIA, MEREDITH, NEW HAMPTON, PLYMOUTH, HOLDERNESS, ELLSWORTH, WOODSTOCK, FRANCONIA AND ALL POINTS NOORTH!


ARCHIE, I'LL BET YOU'RE A GOOD SKIIER!
WELL-L---I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG — BUT I CAN SHOW YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO LEARN! NOW F'RINSTANCE — TAKE A CROSS — COUNTRY SLALOMN..
10 MINUTES LATER
NOW IN A CHRIST! YOU THROW YOUR WEIGHT ON THE INSIDE SKI AND PUSH OUT WITH THE OTHER, THEN...
I SEE, ARCHIE! DON'T YOU THINK IT'S RATHER CLOSE IN HERE?
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR JACKET OFF? HERE, I'LL HELP YOU!
ALL RIGHT! THANK YOU!
1941
GULP!
1941 EHU TEAM
ER.. AH. D-DID YOU BRING YOUR SKATES, VERONICA?
NO! JUST MY SKIIS!
GILFORD
BELKNAP MOUNTAIN RECREATION AREA
CENTRE OF TRAMPOLINE SKIING
LOOKSTRING DRIVE OUT
GOSH! ISN'T IT SWELL UP HERE?
JUST PERFECT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET MY SKIIS ON!
WAHOOO! HERE I COME!
OOOH, ARCHIE, THAT'S SOLID!
OBOY! AM I HOT!
5


ARCHIE! ARCHIE! WHERE ARE YOU?
J-J-JUST COOLING OFF!
COME ON, ARCHIE, LET'S GO UP THE CHAIR LIFT AND SKI DOWN MOUNT ROWE!
HUH? UP THERE? I-ER GOSH-UH-WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT!
WELL, I'M GOING UP EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT!
OKAY! OKAY! I'LL HELP YOU ON THE CHAIR!
S'LONG, VERONICA, AN' BE CAREFUL!
HEY! LOOK OUT!
SORRY, BUDDY, BUT THAT'S NO PLACE TO STAND!
WHACK!
YOU...YOU... COME BACK AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
H-HEY!.. WHAT...?
JEEPERS! I THINK I LEFT MY STOMACH BACK THERE!
6


AT THE TOP...
WHY, ARCHIE! I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE COMING UP!
NEITHER DID I ER. I MEAN I CHANGED MY MIND SUDDENLY! HEH HEH!
WELL? ARE YOU GOING DOWN, VERONICA?
YOU CAN GO FIRST, ARCHIE! PUT YOUR SKIIS! ON!
W-WELL I'M ALL READY I GUESS!
ARCHIE ANDREWS! LOOK AT YOUR SKIIS!
HA! WELL, WHAT'A YA KNOW? I'VE GOT 'EM ON BACK-WARDS! OH, WELL, I'LL JUST TURN AROUND!
BUT NOW YOU'RE POINTING THE WRONG WAY... ARCHIE! ARE YOU STALLING?
HEY! STOP ME! I'M MOVING! I'M SLIPPING!
OoOooOH! STOP HIM, SOMEBODY! HE'S GOING DOWN BACK-WARDS!
HALP
SWISH
SWOOSH
YIIIII!! FIRSH IT WAS LIL MICE WITH SNOW-SHOES. H'C NOW ISH LIL MEN SHKIING BACK WARDS H'C I KNEW I SHOULD N'A TOUCHED IT!


WELL, WE'RE ALL READY FOR HANS REINMAN'S JUMP!
WHAT IN..?
HOLY CATS! AM I SEEING THINGS OR IS THAT GUY JUMPING BACKWARDS?
WHAT NERVE!
WHAT SKILL!
WHAT A CRASH...
NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK TO RIVERDALE...THAT'S WHAT THEY DID WITH ARCHIE...
WAUKEWAN
ARCHIE DEAR JUGHEAD IS HERE TO SEE YOU!. HE'S BEEN WAITING ALL DAY!
H'LO, ARCHIE! THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BUY ANOTHER PAIR OF SKIIS ....CHEAP!
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWS YET— HERE IT IS. HOLD YOUR BREATH! ARCHIE IS IN A MAGAZINE ALL HIS OWN, NOW AND APPEARING IN THE SAME MAGAZINE: "CUBBY," "SQUOIMY, D' WOIM," "JUDGE OWL" AND "BUMBIE THE BEE-TECTIVE" LOOK FOR... ARCHIE COMICS! IT'S SENSATIONAL!

Jim Prentice Announces His Super ELECTRIC FOOTBALL



Hi Boys!

These new Electric Games are built on Sturdy Wood Frames size 14 x 16 inches. Electrically Illuminated Colorful Handsomely Lacquered Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

One Minute to Play--70 yds. Down the field

ZOOM! OUT of DANGER

THIS is just one of 176 exciting moments you face playing Jim Prentice's new idea of *America's Greatest Game*. You get all the breath-taking thrills, the hours of good fun, making long *field goals*, intercepting *forwards*, bucking the *line*, winging bullet-like *passes*, *blocking*, *tackling*, smearing *fake kicks*, *trick plays*, and so on.

You call the plays and direct the strategy. If you know winning football and out-smart your opponent you *gain* more and *lose less* yards as the little pigskin moves up and down the field. The uncertainties of an actual game are ever present, always providing a fighting chance for the team that's trailing.

This is the greatest game ever invented, America's No. One Best Seller. Comes in an attractive gift box. $2. postpaid. Batteries available at your neighborhood store.

Electric Baseball

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric features. Runners, Lights, Scoring Device, etc. in bright red gift box. $2.00



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW — AVOID CHRISTMAS RUSH

ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.
22 Bridge Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed .....

..... ELECTRIC FOOTBALL $2, less Batteries.

..... ELECTRIC BASEBALL $2, less Batteries.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

$2 less Batteries

ORDER EARLY!

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!
Get it the American Way ★





32 PC. DINNER SET

Girls! Boys! Get this fine "ROSE" DINNER SET for mother. Sell only one order Sent Expressage Collect



GIRLS! You'll love this FULL SIZE TOILET & MANICURE SET. Given for selling only one order.



JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME
Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast moving Electric Game



Boys! Girls! Get this famous Chemistry Set, without cost.

"CHEMCRAFT" CHEMISTRY SET. Hours of instructive fun. Given for selling only one order.



NEW CANDID TYPE CAMERA
Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



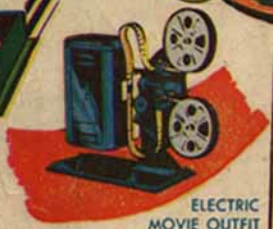
A WONDERFUL BOY'S PRIZE
Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order.



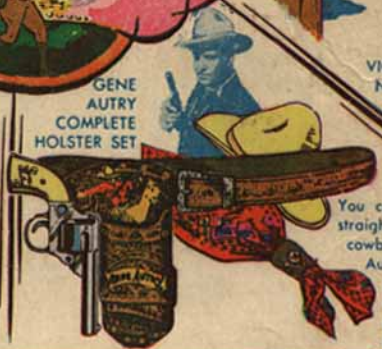
VICTORY WATCH & FOB
Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men & women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT
with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.



GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET

You can be a straight shootin' cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 733 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is_____

Name_____

Street Address or R.F.D. Box_____

City_____

State_____

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 733 Lancaster, Pa.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

Given per plan in our BIG PRIZE BOOK.

- Complete Electric Train Set
- "Take Me Along" Case
- Airplane Set
- Ice Skates
- G-Man Finger Print Set
- Ukulele
- Family Bible
- Sleepy Head Doll
- Electric Lamp
- Pen & Pencil Set with Dictionary
- Gene Autry Guitar